

Clemson University

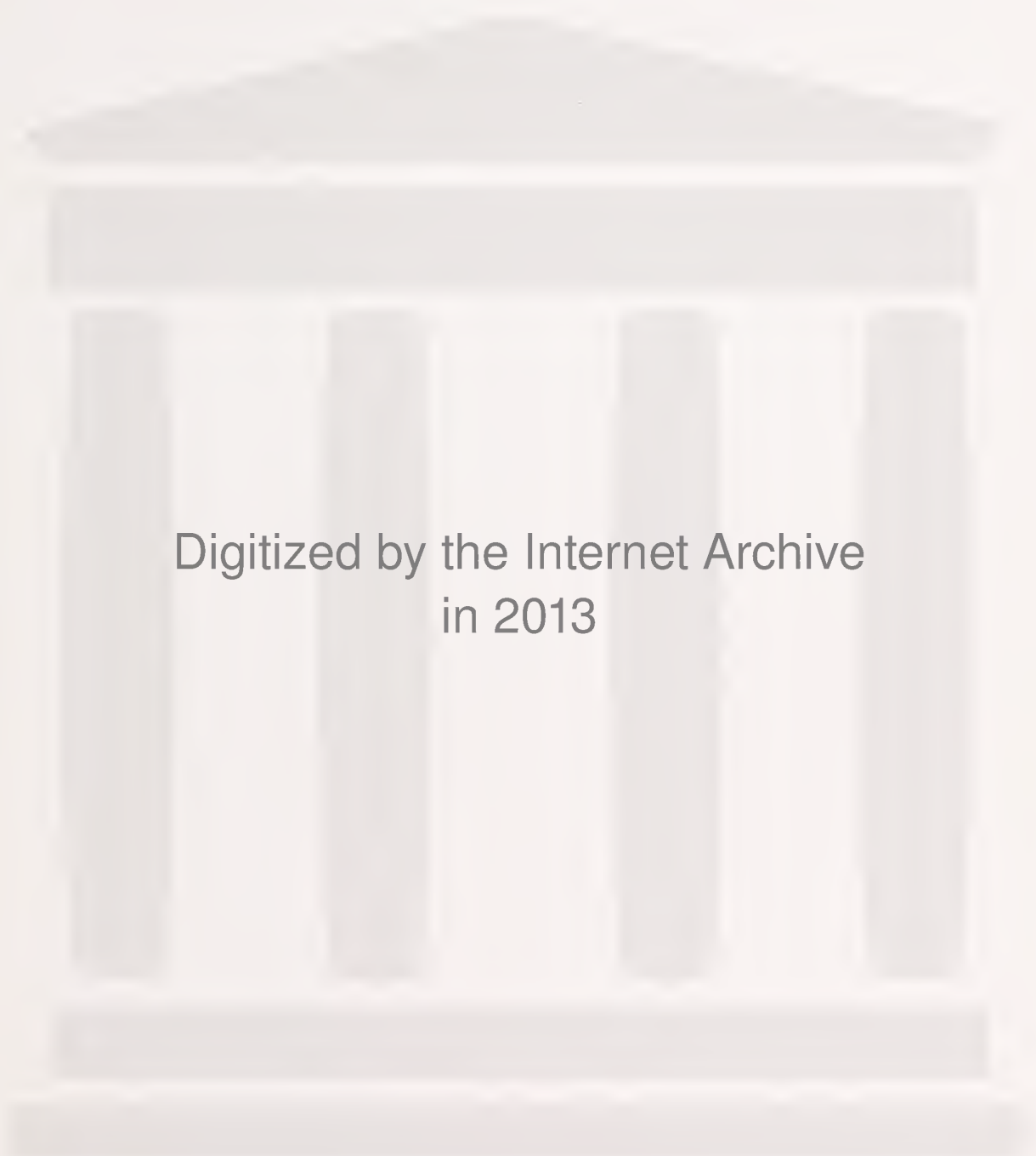


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CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE

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THE CHRONICLE



*The principal part of everything
is the beginning.*

—Law Martin.

Vol. XXI.

October, 1922.

No. 1.

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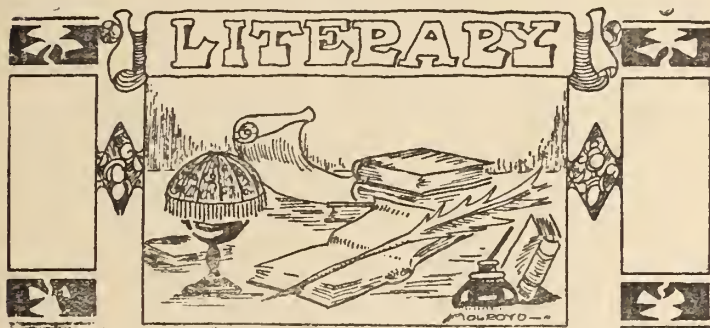
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXI.

Clemson College, October 1922.

No. 1

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

S. C. RICE, '23.

M. C. ELLISON, '24

T. L. VAUGHAN, '24

It's Just My Luck

T. L. Vaughn, '24.

In homes of wealth or squalor rife,
In each and every walk of life,
Among the blacks as well as whites,
'Mid desolate scenes or lovely sights,
One hears that same old hard-luck wail,
After which is muttered this doleful tale,
Even though what's wanting is a bit of pluck,
"It's just my luck; it's just my luck!"

The boy in school who fails to work:
Each day more eager his duty to shirk,
Noted as one of the best pool sharks,
Curses the teacher for giving low marks.
He thinks himself progressing well;
Then come exams to change his spell;
One hears him say, admitting he's stuck,
"It's just my luck, it's just my luck!"

When Jack must drive to see his girl,
The new car starts all in a whirl;
But when he strikes that red-mud hill,
His Ford just hums and stands dead still.
As mud begins to spot his clothes,
One hears along with many oaths,
"Now here I am in this ditch stuck;
It's just my luck; it's just my luck!"

When man shall hear the trumpet call,
When empires shake and mountains fall,
When fire and brimstone scorch the earth,
And fear of death shall quench all mirth;
From men in hell who swarm by herds,
I expect we'll hear these same sad words,
As Pearly Gates close gently chuck,
"It's just my luck, it's just my luck!"

You Can't Get Something For Nothing.

J. C. Aull, '24

"You can't get something for nothing," is an old saying. Is it impossible for a man to get something without paying for it? Does this saying hold true for everything, everywhere, and everytime?

First, let us take an example from the field of science. Can a chemist begin an experiment with an empty test tube and, without the addition of any substance whatever, form water? No; he must have oxygen and hydrogen before he can produce water. If a chemist takes a certain compound and, by merely heating it, finds that water is formed, does he think that he has produced something for nothing? No; because he knows that although he has made water, he has lost a part of his compound. Matter cannot be created. Whatever is gained by one substance is lost by another. In other words, in the field of science you can't get something for nothing.

Now let us consider the field of everyday life. Suppose a young man leaves his home and enters college. His father, being a wealthy man, pays all of his expenses and keeps him well supplied with spending money. At the end of four years the young man graduates with honors. He goes out to take his place in the world and is very successful. Did this young man get something for nothing? Did he not pay for his education and success with years of hard work, study, and preparation?

Another young man enters college. His father, also, pays all of his expenses. This young man lives a fast, easy life during his four years at college. He seldom or never studies, but by some unfair means, perhaps, he is able to get his diploma at the end of four years. He didn't pay his expenses; he didn't work; he didn't study. Then did he get something for nothing? Did he get anything at all? He didn't earn his diploma. It will not mean anything to him. But this young man paid for his diploma, and he paid even more dearly than did the first young man. He paid by wasting four of the best years of his life. He paid the greatest price a young man can pay—the price of character.

What is the opinion of the average student today? Does he think he can come to college and gain knowledge, leadership, character, and other things that lead to a useful and successful life, without any effort on his part? Does he think he can get something for nothing?

"What will you have? Pay for it and take it!"



Renew The Fight

M. B. Brissie, '24.

We're back in the trenches again,
Again to renew the fight,
But no command is needed
For us to do the right.

Three months ago we parted,
And back to our homes withdrew,
There to enjoy the blessings
Of home, and loved ones true.

It seems as tho' but yesterday,
(Almost beyond belief)
That our books were thrown aside
And from toil we sought relief.

During our days of idleness,
The flowery way we sought.
But now has Father Time
To each a new chance brought.

Now let's forget the past,
And face the future's door,
With higher ideals than we
Have ever had before.

How shall we meet our task—
Duty, as it is chiefly known.
Let's meet it with a cheerful smile,
And not with gronch or groan.

We are back in the trenches again,
Another shot we will make,
Victory or defeat depends
Upon the attitude we take.

Just keep the ol' pep up, boys,
See where duty dares to lure;
For faith and high ideals
Bring victory to us, sure.

And when the smoke of battle
Has slowly cleared away,
We shall see the breaking
Of a bright and better day.

Mother.

R. H. Smith, '25.

She is the truest, dearest friend,
True and loyal to the end.
The dearest pal, also, is she,
That ever one could hope to see.

She's always striving to inspire
Within my breast a sacred fire;
She rules supreme in her domain,
For, by the laws of love, she reigns.

Ne'er a word of her own sorrows,
Some other's cares and pain she borrows.
Always ready to help some other.
This of course, is none but Mother.

—o—

"College Activities."

T. L. Vaughn, '24

The fourteenth day of September stamped the beginning of college life for more than three hundred students at Clemson. A goodly number of these boys have left home for the first appreciable period of their lives. It is highly essential at the outset, that they should realize the immense value of college activities.

Most of you boys have come from under the influence of churches and Christian parents. You are now to hew out your own destiny. There is no mother to correct you, no father to give advice. The great questions which confront you and have a direct bearing on your future life are: Will you live up to the home training? Will you stand firm for the principles you believe to be right, or instead drift with the crowd?

There is no such thing as a stand-still in the life of a boy. He is developing daily, either good habits or bad. A person must first become conscious of the fact that he needs to be developed, and must then get a vision of the unlimited possibilities that lie within him,—if the mind and body are to be properly developed.

Our college athletics offer opportunities for the development of the body. Not every student can become a great athlete, but every one can participate in one of the many branches of college athletics. One does not know his athletic ability until he has put it to the test. Each student owes to his college every ounce of strength that he can put forth to make a winning team. Good teams are one of the very best advertisements a college may have. As your college is known, so you are known. If a person tells you that he is a graduate of Harvard University, what is your immediate opinion of him? In summing up the value of athletics, we find that it is

second to nothing in the development of self-confidence, self-control, poise, and alertness.

Next, come our literary societies. Although a person may be highly efficient in his profession, he is greatly handicapped without the ability to think, and to express himself freely while on his feet. The literary society offers the greatest college opportunity for this training. Our societies are conducted solely by the students. One alone does not make mistakes. We are all learning together. Don't fail to join one of the societies at the next weekly meeting.

"The Chronicle", is a student publication, is published monthly by the members of the literary societies. If you have any ability to write, contribute articles to The Chronicle. If you haven't that ability, seek it. You will be greatly repaid for your efforts expended in this work.

The Y. M. C. A. is one of the greatest aids to the college. There the students are offered a place for recreation and amusement. The Sunday night vesper services are very beneficial. Bible classes are conducted in barracks on Sunday nights under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

If a student will only stop to think, he will realize the great importance of college activities. As one progresses in his college work, he becomes convinced that class work includes only a portion of his education.

—o—

The Parting Day.

E. D. Plowden, '24.

Did you ever stop to think
How beautifully the sun
Bade farewell to parting day
When its work was done?

How it sank beneath clouds,
Shedding rays of brilliant light;
Driving off the glorious day,
And ushering in the night?

It had its face 'neath clouded fold,
Of sky in colors rich and rare;
The midday's heat was changed to cold,
And then the night was in the air.

The evening star rose o'er the hill,
The sky grew dim and bare;
Soft, deep notes of the whippoorwill,
Rang from the creeks and filled the air.

The lovely, radiant full-orbed moon,
Began to shed its silvery light,
And this perfect day of June
Slowly faded into night.

Fired.

M. C. Ellison, '24.

Madge Emerson, a pretty young "steno" for the "Southern States Consolidated", tripped lightly into the main office of the company only to be met by a very excited sister "steno."

"Oh Madge, had you heard that the big boss has retired from business on account of his failing health?"

"No! Why, Mary, who in the world will take his place?" asked Madge.

"There is a new president already in the office, and he's letting it be known that he is going to make some radical changes here; and Madge, he says he is going to 'fire' about half of this crew and put this company on a higher paying basis," said Mary as she began arranging her desk for work.

Excitement ran high in the office that morning, for old Mike Devereau had ruled the Consolidated with true business ability thru all kinds of hard times for over twenty-five years, and now he had given up the position to a younger head. The new president was referred to by the office force as the "foreigner," for he had not been connected with the company prior to his election. He had been a young college professor teaching at his old alma mater. The statement that he had made in regard to securing greater efficiency by eliminating the drones of his office force, was the chief cause of the excitement.

Madge had been working for the Consolidated for about two years, and was supporting a widowed mother. She had not been able to have the pleasure and pretty clothes that her girl friends had. They had all been flashing wedding rings, one after another till only she and Mary were left single, and Madge so wanted to add to the excitement of the office that morning by announcing her engagement. But how could she announce such a wonderful event when she had been so disappointed in a love affair with a certain young man only a few years before. Casting aside all such thoughts and working swiftly, Madge began piling up finished work.

Madge caught up with her work and had a few minutes left before luncheon. While sitting idle she unconsciously began sketching on the back of one of the sheets that was to go to the president's office. The sketch turned out to be a comfortable little bungalow. Madge had been good at sketching in high school and the sketch looked real when she quickly covered it up and turned to the talkative Mary, who had just come up saying, "Well, I guess I'll be showing my engagement ring to you old maids pretty soon."

"Oh, no Madge; you wouldn't leave me in this old office by myself would you?" said Mary, taking Madge seriously.

"No, 'chile,' don't worry about me. I'll be here longer than old Mike was if this young upstart don't 'fire' me," wistfully spoke Madge.

"Madge, old dear, you deserve that bungalow and then some, and as for getting 'fired' " said Mary, putting her arm about Madge and leading her toward the elevator on the way to luncheon, "there's nothing to it."

About four o'clock in the afternoon the office boy came by Madge's desk and said, "Stenographer number F-1, report to the president's office at once; isn't that you, Miss Emerson?"

Madge quickly picked up her note-book and started for the president's office, wondering how the new boss would act and look. She was soon to find out, for as she took her accustomed seat in front of the president, she gave a gasp and grasped the man's extended hand as she said, "Hart Summers, how you have changed!"

"Madge, I could recognize that sketching of yours anywhere, and consequently I sent for you," said the young president.

Hart Summers and Madge Emerson had been reared just across the street from each other in an old Southern city. They had been childhood sweethearts, but when Hart went off to college, another girl interfered. Hart and Madge talked for a long time after the rest of the office force had departed.

Hart went around to see Madge in her modest apartment that very night. He said to her: "Madge, you know, I have been thinking of that sketch you drew and I like that plan very well myself."

"Do you, Hart? You seemed always to appreciate my sketching more than anyone else," blushing replied Madge.

"Madge, don't you know that I have loved you all of these years? I was blinded for a little while, but my eyes are open once more. It's not the sketch that I think so much of; it is what you were thinking of; I, too, want a home and as your boss I'll say that you are 'fired', for my wife doesn't need to work." Thus spoke Hart as he drew Madge into his arms, for her deep black eyes were saying "yes" from the start.

Madge nestled in Hart's arms while she called Mary over the phone and said, "Old pal, I'm 'fired.' You are the only one of our bunch left now, for I'm going to sign a contract with my boss for a life-time job."

—o—

Lose Like Men.

R. H. Smith, '25.

While scufflin 'n scrumblin' up an' down
In this old game, called Life,
'N every one is kicking you 'round,
'N trying to crowd you in the strife,
Just square your shoulders, 'n play your part,
'N remember this thing then:
Do your best from the very start,
An' if you lose, lose like men.

The Naming of the Up-Country

B. F. Robertson, '23.

The upper district of South Carolina was once thought of as a very faraway and barbarous section of the Royal Colony. Very few settlers were bold enough to risk the dangers of a country so far removed from civilization; and, consequently, the upper portion of Carolina became the established domicile of powerful Indian tribes. Of all these Indians, the Cherokees were the greatest, both in numbers and in the extent of their hunting grounds. The influence of the Cherokees is still felt in the up-country in several forms. There are numerous legends of the aborigines, and some of them are as pathetic as they are beautiful. Many of the rivers and towns bear the musical name of some mythical Indian origin. Thus, the Indian is one of the significant factors in the naming of the up-country settlements.

The character of these names lend an interesting phase to the section. The appearance of so many Indian names usually creates an interest in local history. The up-country has such names as Colenay, Cherokee, Keowee, Tugaloo, Chattanooga, Seneca and Catechee. Each of these names has some Indian story connected with it. Each of these spots is the center of some happening of importance in the years gone by. It may have been some battle, or some famous hunting ground, or perhaps the scene of some romance. Nevertheless (it is interesting.

Later, a few of the bolder whites began to settle along the streams of the district. They were peaceful men, and were often on peaceful terms with the Indians for decades at a time. During these intervals, more settlers moved in and small villages began to appear around the block-houses. Many of these new inhabitants were natives of Europe and had removed themselves to this remote section of the new world for the purpose of securing religious freedom. The up-country was fortunate to receive a number of sturdy Huguenots who had been driven from France by the cruel Catherine, who was the power behind the throne of that country. A band of German settlers was also prominent during those early days. These people, though loving their new country, could not forget their native lands, and as a token of remembrance they named their settlements in honor of towns in the countries. Thus another important factor in the up-country nomenclature arises.

After the period of rapid settlement was over, the population increased and the old district was divided into counties. New towns arose and some of them assumed the dignity of county-seats. Agriculture was progressing, railroads were constructed, and still more towns came to life. The country was now inhabited by loyal American citizens and they named many of their new towns and many of their counties after some popular hero. The names of this age are distinctly American names of American citizens. Thus is the last factor in our present day system of names.

In 1769, the colony had been divided into seven districts for the holding of courts, and by far the larger of these districts was that of Ninety-Six. The old Ninety-Six district was composed of the present counties of Oconee, Pickens, Greenville, Spartanburg, Union, Laurens, Newberry, Abbeville, Greenwood, McCormick, and Edgefield. It was a tremendous district, and in only a few years it was again divided. This time, 1785, the up-country formed the Abbeville district, which included the present counties of Oconee, Pickens, Greenville, Anderson, Abbeville, and Greenwood. This is really the up-country district and so it remained for a considerable length of time. The name "Abbeville" was given by the French Huguenots. These people came to America from the Gomme district between Amiens and Paris. In France they inhabited a city known as Abbeville and when they formed their new settlement between the Savannah River and Long Cane Creek, they called it Abbeville. As this town was very progressive and as it was nearest the low country, the whole district took its name.

During this time the Indians began to give trouble and several block houses were built for the safety of the settlers. One was at Ninety-Six. Another, Fort Prince George on the Keowee, was named in honor of the Prince of Wales. During the Revolution, the Indians were stirred into actual warfare and another fort was erected on the present estate of Clemson College and termed Fort Rutledge, in honor of the then President Rutledge of South Carolina.

Greenville in 1786, was the first county to be formed from the Abbeville district. It is said to have derived its name from a Mr. Green who resided on the present site of the city of Greenville. This old man ran a mill around which a village gradually built up.

After 1786, when Greenville no longer formed part of the district, the name Abbeville began to be applied to the most southern county of the up-country. And the remaining territory was henceforth known as the Old Pendleton District. Pendleton was then a wealthy town. Among the Bowen relics, there is an old history of South Carolina by Summery, published in 1808, which has a whole chapter on the Pendleton District. It relates that Pendleton "was so named in compliment to Henry Pendleton, a native of Virginia, and a judge in the Court of Common Pleas of South Carolina." At one time Pendleton was one of the most powerful and influential centers in the United States. On her streets were seen men "who would do credit to any age of history." The first Agricultural Society in the country was formed here about 1797. The Pinckneys, Calhouns, Pickens, Rutledge, and scores of other prominent Carolinians often resided here. These immortals were often seen in attendance at the Old Stone church, one of the famous landmarks of the up-country. It was called "The Old Stone Meeting House", because it was built of large stone blocks and rocks. John C. Calhoun, vice-president of the United States, and one of the greatest men in the annals of

American history, gave renown to the upper district by residing at "Fort Hill", now Clemson.

In 1826, Anderson and Pickens counties were formed from the Old Pendleton district with Pickens county including the present Oconee county. Anderson was named in honor to General Robert Anderson, a hero of the Revolutionary war, and Pickens county was so named in compliment to General Andrew Pickens. General Pickens made his home on his estate on the west banks of the Keowee and he also lived in a summer home near Tamassee. This famous general and his son, Governor Andrew Pickens, are buried in the cemetery of the Old Stone Church.

In the year 1868, the Constitutional Convention cut off Oconee county from Pickens. The county-seat was removed from Old Pickens to Pickens and the county-seat of Oconee county was placed at Walhalla. Walhalla is of German origin. The pagan ancestors of the Germans and Scandinavians believed that all good people upon dying, were rewarded by going to Walhalla. When these old German settlers settled the site of Walhalla, they thought they had found heaven and so dubbed their settlement Valhalla, which has changed to Walhalla. The name "Oconee" is of Indian origin. This county abounds in Indian names which gives a charm to the country which only such names are capable of producing. The town of Seneca and the Seneca River received their name from a powerful Cherokee tribe, the Essencas. The Keowee and Tugaloo are also of Cherokee origin. Then there is Tamassee and Jocassee and Conneross and Chauga Creeks. Chauga is a turbulent, muddy stream, and the name means "War woman." Isaqueena Falls on Stump Mountain, was named after the Indian Isaqueena, who because she could not wed a white man, jumped over the brink of the falls to her death. White Water Falls on White Water River, was so named because of the beautiful white spray formed by the water in dashing over the rocks.

Another famous maiden of this section was Catechee. The legend of Catechee is well known. In order to warn the whites of an Indian encroachment, she ran many miles south to their settlements. As she passed many landmarks, she named them after the number of miles she had travelled. Thus, the legend says, that when she had gone six miles she came to a mountain which she named Six Mile Mountain. After going six more miles she came to a river which she named Twelve Mile River. This is how Eighteen-Mile, Two and Twenty, Six and Twenty Creeks were named, and it is also the reason that Ninety-Six bears such a name. Such names as Greer, Belton, Westminster, Liberty and Easley are essentially, of American origin.

The history of a country cannot be removed from the names of its settlements. They are interchangeable. A country which is enriched with numerous and varied names reveals the fact that it has an interesting history. All of the different influences, that of the Indian, that of the foreign settlers, that of the early American, have blended themselves and we have our present system of

nomenclature. The true significance of the up-country names is that, since they can be grouped under three heads, there have been three determining factors in its history. We should feel as proud of Oconee and Seneca as we do of Pickens and Anderson, or of Abbeville and Walhalla.

Man.

H. A. Woodie, '23

From the dust of the earth God created man, from the shadow of a shade He moulded him. An act of God; a miracle of miracles; a touch of Heaven. When the Creator breathed His own image into the mortal's deathless soul, He looked upon His work and called the being—"Man."

Born of woman, insensible and helpless, man is brought into the world as the breathing link between God and nature—the sacred live offering of the earth. Drawing nourishment from his mother's breast, living in absolute dependence, he gradually passes into childhood. As a child, carefree and happy, he romps the entire day through, unconsciously learning to reason and comprehend. Then almost before he realizes it, his youth is upon him. He dreams, builds air castles, and longs for the day when he will be able to take his place in the world of men. One day the youth is called upon to meet some crisis, to make some important decision, and he awakes to the realization that he is no longer an irresponsible boy, but is now an improvable man. Now taking his place among men, this new-found man leads a man's life, dreaming and thinking the things which all men dream and think. Going ever forward, often stumbling, sometimes falling, the man meets problem after problem. Yes, sometimes falling, but never quitting, always struggling to rise—to use his fallen self as a stepping-stone to greater accomplishments. Thus, wandering down the pathway of fate, meditating and dreaming, man comes face to face with nature's greatest blessing—love. Not realizing why, yet loving blindly, he takes a mate for himself, finding in the woman his answer to all of the unvoiced longings of his soul. She is his living glory, and, as hand in hand they travel the path before them, he asks nothing more than the privilege of being allowed to protect and love her. And finally, as the years march steadily onward, man faces the all-important question: he faces himself. Who is man? What is man's measure? What is life and life's object? Man debates these questions; he asks them over and over; and at the end he dies—perhaps solving them. Who knows?

Man sees and hears much, partly knows a little, and fully understands nothing. He sees that he is ruler of

the earth, and knows that he is lord of his own mind. Yet when he conceives of what might be, he rightly thinks of himself as an infant, a weak and dependent mortal. But in spite of his feebleness, diminutive man, a pigmy in size, walks the earth as lord and master of all things beneath the wings of Heaven. By nature a weakling; by life a contradiction; man still rules the world with his indomitable will, his God-given spirit. Thus clothed with power, man does his will while he may, often forgetting that but a day separates him from eternity. Therein lies the weakness—there stands forth man's grossest fault. He forgets! Without thinking he plunges blindly forward.

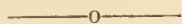
Hence, forgetful and prodigal, man rushes through his precious hours in pursuit of elusive rainbows. He follows where his passions lead him, and allows unnumbered follies to beckon him onward. Too late he sees that he has thrown his only life away; too late he finds that his pleasures were only baubles; and too late he tries to make amends. His life once lived can never be lived again. He can only regret the squandered days and hours. All too soon the numbered years are over and the dread day of reckoning comes.

Man must die. It is written! it is so! Why then should foolish man make an arrant ass of himself? He cannot hope to evade the hereafter by steeping his mind in forgetfulness, and dodging every issue that arises before him. Death plays no favorites—all succumb. When the inevitable hour draws near, man sees his many follies, and he prays for an opportunity to right them. But it cannot be, for the soul must leave the mortal body and prepare to stand before the Judge of the past, present, and future—Almighty God. Man's body, his soul's dwelling place on earth, must return to the clay from which it was molded. It is then that men say the man dies. Never! No man lives entirely to himself; he always leaves impressions on human hearts behind him. His soul lives on in the hearts of men. The physical body is of no account, for the body is not the man. The man, the real man, the immortal soul flames forth in the expression of life's actions, dauntless, earnest, and God-like.

Then, man, be a man! Live a life of usefulness; don't merely exist. Think and do big things; don't be dependent. Drop your follies; don't let your foolishness hurry you to the grave. Man, you are capable of great things; unlimited resources lie within you. Don't leave the world with a tortured soul. Believe that you can accomplish the impossible, and you can. Believe that you are helpless, and you are. The mind of man was made for use, not for ornament.

God placed man on earth as ruler over all creatures; He put a reasoning mind in his body that he might understand; He gave him an immortal soul that he might live forever; and He placed countless other things within his grasp. But God intended for man to help himself, for He made each mortal master of his own mind.

Only one conclusion can be drawn; a man's life depends upon the man living the life. He can do with it as he will; he can let his soul rest in a hovel or reside in a castle. So while he may, and before too late, let each man live his life and live it well.



How to Win a Girl

J. H. Culler, '26

There are many ways to win a girl;
So many that they crowd the world.
Just as easy as a picture,
Nothing but a general mixture.
They are funny things and have their ways;
Sometimes they sit and pout for days.
But when some boy comes around,
They always want to ride to town.

All you need is just to smile,
They flock around you in a while.
Then they go wild—wild.
When you go to see her at night,
Try to talk with all your might,
Always make her think you're right.

Always fool her—that's the game,
For this the girls are not to blame.
When the lights are getting low,
And it's almost time to go,
Dream you are in a picture show,
Tell her, tell her o'er and o'er,
That you love her more and more.

When she creeps so awful near,
Take her in your arms, crying, "Dear, Oh! Dear."
Then as the world seems far away,
Time is going day by day,
Whisper "goodnight," in her ear;
Tho going does seem hard to bear.
On the steps give her a kiss,
And just think what some boys miss.

Some of those poor bachelor boys,
Who do nothing but dream of joys.
That night when you go to bed,
Think how easy it'll be to wed.
All you need is just to say:
"Come little girl, let's get married today."
Dear girls, they are innocent things,
Just as easy as cushion springs.
They'll come around you in swarms,
If you will take them in your arms.

Better English.

F. F. Dean, '24.

The most important problem confronting the students at Clemson College is the use of better English. Any student will be frank enough to admit that the average student does not use good English consistently. Students cannot express themselves in the classroom if they cannot use good English readily. In barracks, most students speak a mixture of English, slang, and profanity. A student should not use slang or profanity.

It is necessary that the students use good English all the time. The marks that a student makes are determined largely by the kind of English that he uses. If his English is poor, his mark will be poor. If his English is good, his mark will be good. The student graduates; what then? He will apply for a job with some concern. The officials of the company will form their opinion of the applicant by the kind of letter he has written. His job will require the use of correct English. The man who cannot use good English will not get a job and he could not hold a job if he got it.

The rank of Clemson College is determined by the caliber of the graduates. The graduate who uses poor English is usually of small mental capacity. The reputation of the college is hurt every time a graduate, who has not mastered English, goes out into the world. It is imperative that every graduate use good English.

The students should take the English courses seriously. The aim should not be merely to get a pass it should be to get the most good from the courses. Many students will complain that our fathers have succeeded in the past. We are not dealing with the past; we are dealing with today, and preparing to deal with the problems of tomorrow.

The literary societies offer an opportunity for every student to practice the use of better English. Opportunity never knocks at the door but once; join a literary society while you may.

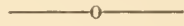
The college publications offer a chance for every student to get practice at writing. The weekly paper offers a means for each student to write the happenings of the week. The monthly paper gives an opportunity to every student to write an essay or poem. The newspaper correspondence club encourages the members of the club to write to the newspapers of the state of the happenings at the college.

The technical societies offer an opportunity for the use of good English to the members of the societies. The subjects are, of course, of a nature that interests students.

Conversation is the means by which most students will obtain the usage of good English. It is of value only when slang and bad English are not used. Books written by reputable authors should be read and current magazines should be read carefully.

Students come to Clemson College to get an education.

A man is not educated who does not use good English.
A student defeats his own purpose when he fails to master English. Let us not neglect our English; it is the most important subject that we study. Let us apply ourselves so that by the time we shall graduate we shall be proficient in English, our Mother Tongue.



My Dream Lady.

Harold Culler, '26.

A wonderful girl who is so true,
Each day I always think more of you;
You seem to me to have a lure,
That's always luring me to you.

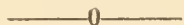
Each night I seem to see your face,
Your charming hair, your elegant grace;
I seem to hear that voice so pure,
As pure as the morning dew.

Its laughing tone, that merry smile,
I can remember all the while;
Those naughty lips that are always red,
That pretty nose, that upturned head.

Your beautiful eyes are so blue,
It seems that the skies would envy you;
That dimpled cheek, that graceful chin,
It seems that they are luring men.

Now, why should you be so blue,
When you know someone loves you;
Little one, I love you so,
That all the people seem to know.

Please do not make me wait,
Come and say you'll be my mate.



Boost Clemson.

Harold Culler, '26.

Clemson is a fine old college,
About the best in the State.
But, Oh! it's such a pity
That we don't try to make it great.

We must all get to boosting,
And never, never stop;
'Till Clemson is seen roosting,
Up high on the top.

You may sometime wonder
How hard it is to start;
But we'll not make a blunder,
If every man will do his part.

We must boost our ball team,
Until the very end
Little though it may seem,
It always helps to win.

We will get things working fast,
And when we win after a-while;
We all can look over the past,
With such a cheerful smile.



The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



R. W. COARSEY, '23, Editor-in-Chief.

The *Chronicle* takes this occasion to extend a hearty welcome to the old students who are back and to the new students who have joined our ranks.

To the new students, the *Chronicle* gives this bit of advice:

"Learn to look upon your professor in the same light you look upon your athletic coach. The only difference in them is that one coaches you in physical activity, and the other in mental activity. We do not mean to discredit the mental training one gets in athletic activities—far from it, but you get the idea.

If you start in the class-room with the same enthusiasm and the same spirit of "Do or die," that you start with on the gridiron, and if you look upon your professor as one who is there to help you do something—then you have a wonderful opportunity of being able, when your course is finished, to drink a full measure of success. If, however, you look upon the instructor as a task-master, whose purpose and pleasure in life is to torture you, you will fail to get the full benefit of your college course and the failure will be your own.

Get the right attitude. Get started right. Life is just what you make it.

Each year the *Chronicle* gives three medals: one for the best poem published in any issue of the *Chronicle*; one for the best essay, and one for the best story.

These medals are worthy of the best efforts of any student. Any one of them is well worth the time it will take to win it.

Aside from the chance one has to win a medal, there is an individual responsibility for the *Chronicle*. Students from other colleges and people in general, judge the college by the quality of the material the *Chronicle* contains. If the contents of the *Chronicle* are better than material you can furnish, then you are sharing a glory that isn't yours. If the material isn't as good as you can produce, then you are depriving yourself of a glory that should be yours.

—o—

We seem to have reached that stage in human progress when the purpose is not to be as accurate as possible, but to be as slovenly as possible. There is, at least, some evidence which points in that direction.

It now seems that the object is to get just as far away from the correct use of the English language as one can get. We wear out some slang expression while we have unused scores and scores of words the use of which would increase our self-respect, and increase the respect of others for us.

This is the formative period of our lives. Habits which we form here, especially if formed at first and followed for four years, will last us through life. Let us cultivate the use of good English, both in the class room and out, for in so doing we are laying the very foundation of a successful career—no matter what profession we choose to follow.

—o—

"Around The Corner"

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And ere I know it, a year has gone
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.

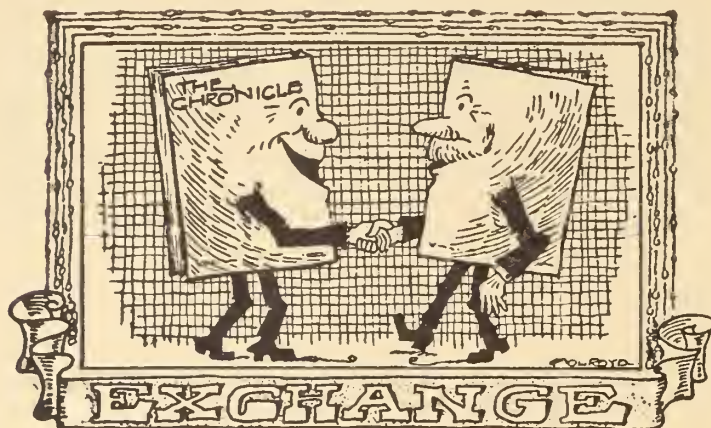
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine.
We were younger then;
And now we are busy tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.

"Tomorrow," I say, "I'll call on Jim,
Just to show I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes and—tomorrow goes.
Around the corner! yet miles away.
"Here's a telegram, sir,"

"Jim died today!"

And that's what we get and deserve in the end.
Around the corner—a vanished friend.

—Selected.



EDITORS:

C. T. YOUNG, '23, Editor.

We have not received exchanges during the past few weeks, so we shall have to dispense with the usual comments on our contemporaries. As most of the colleges will publish their first number of the year on the first of this month, we expect to have the usual number of exchanges on hand when the November issue of the *Chronicle* is published.

We hope that it may be possible not only to exchange with all of the colleges in this state, but also with many of the other colleges in the neighboring states. We want to make the exchange department of the *Chronicle* better this year than it has ever been.

Since duties of the exchange editors may not be clearly understood by some of the subscribers to this magazine, we take this opportunity to explain briefly the object and work of this department.

The main object of this department is to give the readers of the *Chronicle* some information as to the nature of the articles published in the literary magazines of other colleges so that the students of Clemson may get an idea concerning the ability and initiative of the students of other colleges in literary work of this kind.

As we exchange our magazine with other colleges and through the exchange departments are enabled to see how other colleges regard our literary productions, we are often able to correct mistakes which we have made. In this day and time no college can live to itself. If any college publication is to forge ahead then, it must benefit by the mistakes made by others. Hence the necessity of keeping in touch with other college publications, exchanging views and of offering criticism at times. Thus a friendly feeling is created among the publishers of the various college magazines. It is much easier for a student to acquire some interest in some other college, if he knows something about that college, or of the ability of its students in various fields of endeavor.

As many students dislike the idea of having their work criticized, they hesitate to write anything for the

literary paper of their school. It is only natural that one should feel that way about it; but we must remember that we are at college to learn how to do things. One of the most important things that we go to college to learn to do is to write correctly. One famous philosopher has said that to write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly and to render properly; it is to have, at the same time, mind, soul and taste. The old saying that practice makes perfect is true of writing in every sense of the word. The criticisms which are made by the exchange editor are meant to help the reader as well as the writer, for one ought to try to profit by the criticism of any particular article though he is not the author.

We are just as anxious to profit by the friendly criticisms of the exchange editors of other college publications as we are for them to profit by our well meant comments.

—o—

SOME PUZZLERS

oe

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head, what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the ends of his toes?
What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and the style
Of the coat his stomach wears?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
And if so what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blade?
I'll be handged if I know—do you?

—Selected.

—o—

The Two Words.

There's a word of letters four
Every day and every hour
When 'tis used, it opens the door
Into comfort, into power.
Debt and want, with all their might,
May endeavor to enslave,
But their strength is put to flight
By the word of magic—"Save."

There's a word of letters five
Pleasant, tempting day by day;;
Those who use it do not strive
But go lightly on their way,
Till with empty hands they meet
Poverty before the end,
By the word of danger—"spend."



J. O. PEPPER, '23, Co-operating Editor.

FOOTBALLICKLY SPEAKING.

When the Tiger begins to growl,
And the Bull Dog to howl,
And the Purple Hurricane begins to blow,
And the Game Cock begins to crow,
Who will be the Champs?
Do you know?

—Pickens Sentinel.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
They all close at last and we have to go home.—Greenville News.

Proposing by mail is as unsatisfactory as kissing a girl through a knothole in a board fence.—Selected.

Remember, "A good book is a good friend."—A. M. C. Annual.

Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what happiness is.—Greenville News.

The old time man who used to burn the midnight oil now has a son who steps on the midnight gas.—Tribune.

A Toast and a Roast.

Here's to the boys who honestly pass,
And to those who honestly fail,
But down with the boys who just squeeze thru
By hanging to "Old Jack's tail."

—A. M. C. College.

Any body can push a wheelbarrow.—Selected.

A gentleman always speaks well of woman and religion.—Selected.

Some men never recognize an opportunity unless it is labeled.—Greenville News.

My brain is dull, my body tired, my soul is wrapped in sorrow;

I long to go in peace away, if only for a morrow,
To some far distant mountain peak, far from the maddening crowds;

Commune alone—and speak—to Him beyond the clouds.
—Selected.

There are only three things in the animal kingdom that hiss. A goose, a snake, and a fool.—Selected.

"The Old Negro's Prayer"

O' Lawd, I hends ma knee terday,
An' bows ma head so gray,
Ter axe ya fer a blessin'
And ter make ya look ma way.

Wid trouble, Lawd, I'se broken down,
Ma child am sick—my Sal,
An I ai'nt got no money Lawd,
Ter help ma precious gal.

De doctor he done left jis now
He say she awful sick
An' say she mns' get chicken
An' git it awful quick.

Now, Lawdy you knows Massa Will,
His heart am mighty hard
Now would it be a sin to lif
A chicken from his yard?

Dat's why I axe yo' special
To watch ole Mose dis night
I hates to see ma suffun lamb,
But wants to do whut's right.

Ma babe's a cryin'—hungr' now,
De doctor's gwine to scowl
If I don't figger somehow
To fetch my lamb a fowl.

All time I's been pray'in Lawd
I hear dem roosters crow
An' now I sees rite in de fence
A hole dat's two by fo!

O' Lawd dere comes a chicken now,
 I knows dis ain't no sin
 If he jes struts in thru my gate
 An' I jes locks him in.

Good Lawd, ma prayer's done answered,
 An' I'll say good-night to Thee
 An' now I'll ketch dot pullet hen
 For Sal and me.

—A. M. C. Annual.

—o—

Before We Went To Camp.

Before we came to camp, our class
 Was entertained for days
 With endless bunk, tons of gas,
 Of pleasant camp-life ways.
 They painted up in colors gay
 The pleasant mountain tramp,
 And how three months we'd like to stay
 Before we came to camp.

They said that every single night
 We'd have free movie shows,
 And week-ends we would have the right
 To wear our Sunday clothes.
 They told us every girl we'd meet
 Would be a social vamp
 Who'd win us by her manners sweet—
 Before we came to camp.

They said we'd have the evenings off
 For rest or work or play,
 And that with every sneeze or cough
 We'd drill no more that day.
 And when we wrote our girl the news
 They'd hand each man a stamp,
 While husky porters shined our shoes—
 Before we went to camp.

They said we'd have so many cooks
 We'd have no more K. P.,
 While all the corners, jams and nooks
 Would have ice cream and tea.
 And from this store the cook would steal
 And hand to us, the seamp,
 The things we like for every meal—
 Before we came to camp.

And when the range we went to find
 Each squad would have a truck,
 With mules and niggers close behind
 To help in case we stuck.
 While every tent would be supplied
 A big electric lamp,
 But now we know somebody lied—
 Before we came to camp.

—Zippy Mack.

Who is Who?

There was once a boy who married a widow and his father married the daughter of the widow. This made the son's step-lauhter his mother-in-law, and his wife his step-grand-mother, and the father's mother-in-law was his daughter-in-law.

The daughter then had a son and this child was his half-brother's step-son and his sister-in-law's grand-son; then—if the child is the step-son of his half-brother, its own father is its step-grandpa.

The mother of the father's wife then had a son, and this son was his grand-pa's brother-in-law and if he is his grand-pa's brother-in-law he is his father's uncle and is his own great-uncle.—Selected.

—o—

God made man
 Frail as a bubble;
 God made love
 Love made Trouble,
 God made the Vine
 Was it a sin
 That Man made Wine
 To drown Trouble in?

—Selected.

—o—

THE CHRONICLE STAFF.

R. W. Coarsey	Editor-in-Chief
P. M. Garvin	Business Manager
J. L. Nichols	Circulation Manager
J. O. Pepper	Co-operating Editor
S. C. Rice	Literary Editor
C. T. Young,	Exchange Editor
J. L. Weeks,	Joke Editor
M. C. Ellison	Junior Associate Editor
T. L. Vaughan	Junior Associate Editor
L. H. Doar	Assistant Circulation Manager

The Clemson Printery
Basement Textile Building
Clemson College, South Carolina
Book and Job Printing



J. L. WEEKS, '23, Editor.

We asked our girl to go to church Sunday night, but her mother invited herself along—so we went to church!—Selected.

All men are created equal and free but most of them will persist in getting married.—Selected.

Georgette—How do you like mother?

George—She is all right in her way, but she's always in ours.—Life.

Harry: "My! You did get fat last summer!"

Harriet: "I weigh exactly 125 stripped."

Harry: "You can't tell exactly, these drug store scales are liable to be wrong."—Selected.

Miss P. "I wish the Lord had made me a man."

Mr. M. "Maybe he did, but you just haven't found him yet."—Selected.

A great many girls say "No" at first; but like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negatives.—Selected.

"George, you were out with a new girl last night weren't you?"

"No! just the old one painted over."—Boston Transcript.

She: "What did you think of the dinner party last evening?"

He: "It was the most daring bare-back performance I ever attended, and I think you completely outstripped all your competitors."—Tib-Bits.

He: "Do you like dates with nuts?"

She: "Perhaps; what do you want to do?"—Selected.

"Won't you drop in?" said the frog to the fly.—Tar Baby.

He: "Darling, there has been something trembling on my lips for the last two months."

She: "Yes; so I noticed. Why don't you shave it off?"—Tar Baby.

In The Days of The Personal Liberty.

"Well—hic—if you're MRS. Jones, I wish you'd come down and pick out your husband—hic—'cause the rest of us want to go home."—Tar Baby.

She: "Saw Alice with her new bathing suit under her arm."

He: "Is that the latest style?"—Tar Baby.

Lawyer: "I think I can get you a divorce, madam, for cruel and inhuman treatment. But do you think your husband will fight the suit?"

Woman—"Fight! Why, the little shrimp won't even come into a room where I am."—Widow.

Flapper—"You're a nice big bear aren't you?"

Fresh (rising to occasion)—"Er—don't you think you're just a little bare yourself?"—Voo Doo.

What would you call a man that hid behind a woman's skirts?

I'd call him a magician.—Tar Baby.

Fools throw kisses; wise men deliver them in person.—Widow.

"My wife is a great admirer of beauty."

"She must have changed since she married you."—Voo Doo.

An Irishman saw an anchor. He stayed around watching it for three days. He says: "I'm waiting to see the man that uses that pick."—Selected.

They had just been married in a Chicago parsonage. The minister turned to the bridegroom and asked why the couple wanted to married in Chicago.

"Well, you see," the bridegroom replied, "I enlisted in the army in Chicago.—Judge.

"I have a good job at the confectioner's.

"What do you do?"

"Milk chocolate."—Judge.

Max—"I know a girl that got a pearl out of an oyster."

Gus—"That's nothing, my sister got a diamond necklace out of a lobster."—Tar Baby.

"This course puts some of the most foolish ideas into a girl's head."

"Yes?"

"Nothing practical. Just listen to this: 'Then Lady Eleanor walked *alone* in the garden.'"—Tar Baby.

Judge—"What's your occupation?"

Mike—"I'm a sailor."

Judge—"You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you ever saw a ship."

Mike—"Do you think I came from Ireland in a hack?"—Widow.

Sir Conan Doyle declares that there are no divorces in heaven. "Well, of course, you can't get a divorce without a lawyer."—Tar Baby.

Blackstone—"My wife and I agree on everything."

Webster—"Have you no opinions of your own?"—Selected.

"You silly rascal, married for money, didn't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"I've seen your wife."—Widow.

"What do you think of the girls wearing knickers nowadays?"

"Splendid training. When they marry most of 'em will wear the trousers in the family, any way."—Judge.

"Do you know I've been speculating in pork."

"How did you come out?"

"On the hog."—Life.

The other day my wife was very sick and I sent for the doctor. He said, "The best thing you can do is to send her to a warmer climate."

I went into the woodshed, got the axe and handed it to him. I said, "You hit her, Doc, I haven't got the nerve."—Selected.

Speaking of Irishmen, the other day I met an Irishman dressed in black. I said: "Where have you been?" He said: "To a funeral."

"Whose?" I asked.

"I dunno," said he, "I only went for the ride."—Selected.

Mrs. Blank—"I only married you because I pitied you—when nobody else thought anything about you?"

Mr. Blank—"Ah, well, my dear, everybody pities me now."—Life.

Rasornife

The "Razornife" is the most useful article ever invented and is appreciated by every member of the household. The following are a few of its uses:

SEAM RIPPER: For the sewing basket, dressmakers and tailors.

PENCIL SHARPENER: For the office, school boys and girls.

CARDBOARD CUTTER: For artists, draftsmen and sign painters.

STRING, CORD AND THREAD CUTTER. For homes, stores and shipping rooms.

DOCTOR'S BANDAGE CUTTER: The only knife that will cut cloth.

CIGAR CLIPPER, INK ERASER, CORN CUTTER AND KEY RING KNIFE.

Space on handle to imprint trade mark or advertisement.

We all know how many different kinds of knives have been on the market, which were simply made to sell, but none to do the work that a real knife should. The people have bought every one of them, and after using them they soon become dull and 90 percent of the knives carried today are dull are nothing but an inconvenience.

Now we have the "Razornife," a knife that is made of the best known steel, a blade that is really sharp. A knife that is refillable, an avenue for the discarded razor blades. Fifty million dollars' worth of blades are bought every year. What is done with them? Most of them are thrown away. Here is the most wonderful use that they can be put to. The "Razornife" is the answer. Patent was awarded on April 26th, 1921. It is a wonderful NEW article.

It is a unversay knife, a knife that will hold any single edge razor blade. The old blade is easily removed and a new one inserted. No knife, no matter how expensive, will cut like the "Razornife." The razor blade is going to be used for a knife, and the "Razornife" is the proper place to hold it. We have many hundreds of testimonials. We hear from all over the world, and are selling these knives all over the world. The "Razornife" will soon be as popular on the key ring as the Yale key is now. It is flat as a key and does not take up any more room. It is the greatest advance along the knife line for a century. A renewable knife. You all know about the Refillable Fuse, the Eversharp Pencil. Everyone is using them now. Why? It is the fuse that burns out and the lead that wears off, not the holder; likewise it is the blade that gets dull and wears off, not the holder.

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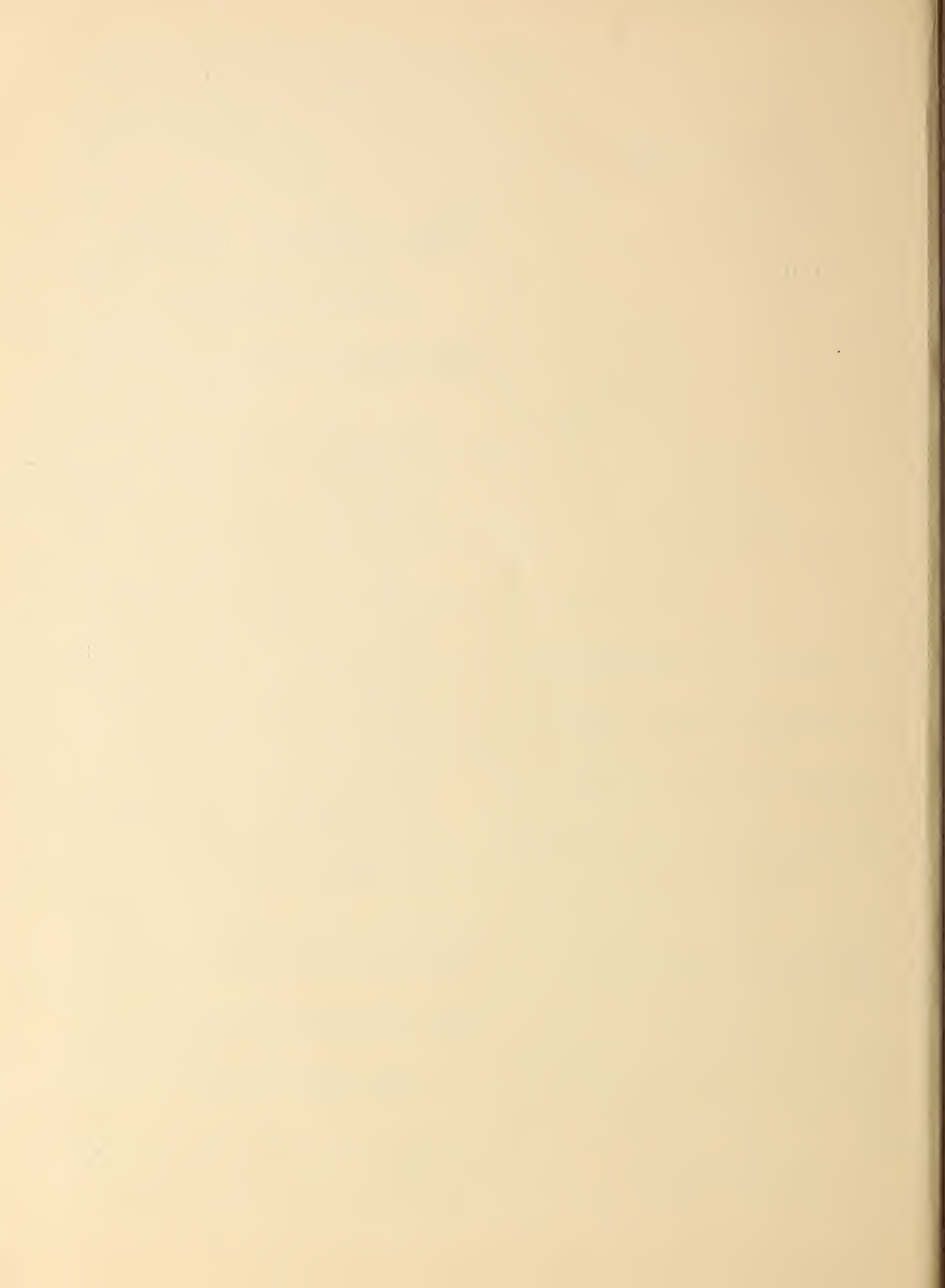
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THE CHRONICLE



*"The highest reward God gives us for good work
is the ability to do better work."*

—Hubbard.

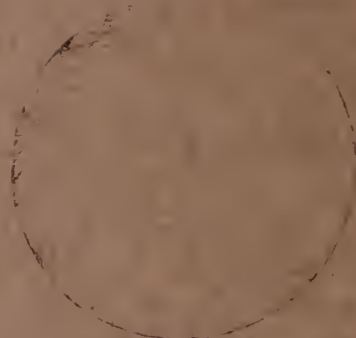
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November, 1922.

No. 2

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXI. Clemson College, November 1922.

No. 1

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

S. C. RICE, '23.

M. C. ELLISON, '24

T. L. VAUGHAN, '24

To the Rainbow.

F. C. Jennings, '25

Oh! beautiful rainbow in the sky
With thy colors ever fair;
Oh, beautiful promise of God,
May we ever see thee there.
Then when our toils are hard
And our life is nearly spent,
May our faith be renewed
By thy presence in the firmament.

The Romantic Turkey.

M. C. Ellison, '24

Squire Wiggins sat placidly before the old-fashioned log fire smoking his evening pipe. Gentle smiles flickered across his rugged face as he looked into the fire and dreamed of the past. The squire had once loved Mary Briggs who was now a widow of the deceased Joe Pollock, and lived just across the valley from the squire. The squire had carried flowers and candy to his little sweetheart of the old red schoolhouse, but she finally turned him down for his rival and playmate, Joe Pollock. As he thought of the time that he was defeated by his rival, the rugged lines of his face became stern.

After failing to win Mary Briggs' heart, Jim Wiggins gathered his belongings together and went west. He acquired a small fortune, married, and came back to his old homestead just across the valley from Joe Pollocks' place. The jealousy that Jim Wiggins harbored against Joe Pollock had not died, and he at once began scheming to cheat his neighbor. His jealousy turned into hate when through some land trading he was worsted and lost a small strip of his precious land.

Jim Wiggins had allowed himself to become a grasping, suspicious, narrow minded old pessimist, and this attitude most likely hastened the death of his wife, who died a few years after they had returned from the west. The country people regarded Jim Wiggins as the "Squire" and seemed to fear his temper.

The Squire's beautiful daughter interrupted his reverie by suddenly exclaiming from her cosy seat by the chimney, "Oh Dad, did you realize that it's only a few days 'till Thanksgiving?"

"Yes I have been thinking about that, but I don't guess that we will enjoy it very much," mumbled the squire as he stroked the glossy black hair of his daughter, and changed his gaze from the depths of the log fire to the depths of Margaret's large blue eyes.

The Squire's one tender spot was his love for his only child, Margaret, who was now a beautiful young woman of twenty summers. Margaret had just finished at a boarding school where she had been sent shortly after her mother's death. With everyone else the Squire was cruel and hard-hearted, but with Margaret he was selfishly devoted, and would do almost anything for her. Thus bending low he inquired, "Margaret dear, isn't there something on your mind? Tell your old dad, he'll sympathize with you."

Margaret puckered her lips and returning her father's steady gaze replied, "Dad you know that now I am at least through school, and am here with you; I should be satisfied, but really I can't be. Dad, to be frank with you, I am in love with Gene Pollock."

"Hush! hush! Margaret, don't you know that we must not have anything to do with those abominable people. Its no more than a childhood fancy anyway," spoke the Squire, beginning to fume with anger.

"But dad I've been in love with Gene for three years. And dad, you can't hold him responsible for that little land deal, please don't stand between us," pleaded Margaret earnestly.

But the selfish love that the Squire harbored for Margaret could not be overcome by tender pleading. The Squire clenched his teeth and said, "I have sworn to myself that me nor mine would ever have anything to do with those Pollocks. Margaret why do you have to fall in love with anyone? You are mine and I can't give you up; certainly never to a Pollock."

Margaret placed her slim fingers over the Squire's drawn lips and quieted him saying, "dad please don't say those terrible things. I know you don't mean them—can't mean them."

Just a few days before Thanksgiving while Margaret was sitting by the fire sewing, she was startled by a shot; the sound coming from the flower garden. Rushing to the window she could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the Squire standing triumphant with a smoking gun in his hand, while a few feet from him, lay a huge white turkey feebly moving in the last throes of death. Margaret easily recognized this large turkey as Mrs. Pollock's fifty dollar prize turkey, and great family pet. Running out into the garden Margaret exclaimed,

"Oh Dad! why did you do it? Don't you know that Mrs. Pollock will be very angry and heart-broken. They think as much of that turkey as some people think of their children, and beside it is worth a great deal."

Kicking the dead fowl over, the Squire laughingly said: "Dry up your tears Margaret, you needn't think that I'm going to have any prize turkey, peacock, or any other kind of fowl feasting in our flower garden. And as for its belonging to Mrs. Pollock, why that's the best part of it."

"Please Dad, don't be so narrow. I shall at once take the turkey to Mrs. Pollock, along with all of the apologies I can think of," said Margaret calling one of the servants to assist her.

The Squire turned and walked into the house saying: "You needn't give old lady Pollock any apologies for me, and be sure you don't stay but a few minutes. I really shouldn't let you go."

Margaret explained the incident to Mrs. Pollock as best she could and offered all kinds of apologies. She only said, "Why that's all right, honey; it's just like the old Squire. I should have known better than to let old Sultan go off, but he is dead now, and, as the old saying goes, 'don't cry over spilt milk.'"

Margaret hugged Mrs. Pollock's neck and said, "I just love you heaps for forgiving us and oh—well, I just want to call you mother so bad. I'd give anything to have a lovely mother like you, for I've been motherless since I was a little girl, you know."

"Yes honey, I'd be delighted to be a mother to such a sweet little girl as you, and I think that if we keep trying, the old Squire will in time become converted to our ideas," said Mrs. Pollock as she opened the door for her son, Gene, who was bringing in a large armfull of wood for the log fire.

The tall young farmer placed the wood into the box and listened intently as Margaret related again the incident about the prize turkey.

"But Margaret, he didn't mean to do it did he? I don't see how he could be so heartless for old Sultan wouldn't harm a flea," spoke Gene with his usual earnestness.

"Oh, but I am afraid he did, and I don't know what we can do to soften his heart towards you and your mother, Gene," said Margaret knocking sparks from the log fire with a fire poker.

Suddenly, Gene slapped his leg with his brawny hand and said, "I've got it! We'll just have old Sultan for Thanksgiving dinner, same as if he were a common old fowl, and invite you and the Squire over. We will call it a peace dinner."

"Yes, let's do that Margaret, for we will do anything to gain the good-will of the old Squire," said Gene's mother.

"I'll take dad an invitation and if I can get him to come, everything will be all right," said Margaret, rising to go home, first casting a wistfully sweet smile at Gene.

Margaret picked a time when the Squire seemed to once more dream of the old-time sweetheart, and then she

told him of the open-hearted invitation for him to dine on the turkey that he had killed. The Squire listened to Margaret with a far-away look in his steel gray eyes, and finally said, "I've sworn never to have anything to do with the Pollocks, but today I did wrong, and, Margaret, I'll think over the invitation tonight."

Margaret went to bed with a prayer on her lips that her father might accept the invitation. Early the next day Margaret asked her father, "Have you decided to accept?"

But she didn't have to wait for an answer, for she could easily see by a new expression in her father's face that he had not only wanted to go, just to please her, but he was enthusiastic over the fact that he himself was going. "Yes Margaret, dear, I've changed during the night, and that little incident has shown me that I have been cruelly selfish and narrow-minded," spoke the Squire.

Margaret could hardly hold herself, she was so happy that her father had consented to go to the Pollock's dinner.

The Squire was a little ill at ease at first, but the kind-hearted Mrs. Pollock set him on his feet when she said, "Jimmie Wiggins, do you remember the old red school house that you and I used to attend?"

"How could I forget," he replied. And thus the two old people became reacquainted while the younger couple soon became absorbed in planning for the future; knowing that it was now possible for them to get married.

The Squire was asked to carve old Sultan, which he did with a characteristic dignity. Mrs. Pollock said: "Let us be thankful that the Squire killed a turkey instead of a rooster, for I always did hate to eat rooster on Thanksgiving when one really should have turkey."

After a long and enjoyable dinner the Squire was asked to give a toast over the usual wine course that Mrs. Pollock served on special occasions. Without rising from his seat the Squire said: "Here's to this bountiful spread; here's to the loving young couple and may they live happily together; here's to Mary and me, may we be true sweethearts at last; but, last and best, here's to old Sultan—who died that our romance might survive."

—0—
Here's to Clemson
D. B. Shehan.

Here's to dear old Clemson,
The native Southland cool.
She is noted for her courses
As an agricultural school.

We're the boys from dear old Clemson,
And ready to turn a hand.
We're in for anything
To help our Southern land.

So give me dear old Clemson—
Some better could it be,
But what's the use of worrying?
It's good enough for me.

Love and Ideals.

H. A. Woodle, '23.

In the dim and distant ages before the pen of man noted the passing time, far back in the unfathomable past, one law ruled the earth. Through countless ages this God-given law has continued to sway the actions of mankind. And through this world's brief course, and into the infinite, this law will ever dominate creation. Unexplainable? Yes; and beyond the conception of man; but it is the ruling force of the universe. What is this power that has given man his life, his hopes, his fears, and his ideals? This Heaven-like mandate—this providence that was, is, and ever more shall be?—it is the *Law of Love*.

God is love. Can such a message be found in any other three words? Can a firmer foundation be found on which to build? Three words of hope to the human race; three words of comfort to mankind. Words on which the Bible is builded—this message gives mortal man the key to Heaven. Without love we are lost; without love we can have no hope of immortality. Think of the void, the utter nothingness,—no love, no hope! Such a picture could not be painted by any artist, for such a condition cannot be visualized. No; it could never be, for love is the foundation of the soul, and without a soul man would be a beast. And yet how little is this foundation builded on by man!

The hopes and fears of the mortal heart are woven of love. Without hope man would die; without fear, he would trample his fellows under his feet. Love and life go hand in hand. Indeed, life is only an expression of the Great Creator's love. How rich is he who understands life through God! What miracles he sees where others see only the commonplace. When love is enthroned in the breast, the heart sings for joy. Man has something to look forward to—something to hope for. He sees a vision. He is glad to be alive. And fear is in his heart too—the fear of Almighty God. Yes; man lives, lives as he never lived before, when he allows love the complete mastery of his soul. Yet, in spite of the self-evident, this creature called man asks, "What is the all-powerful influence which rules man's destiny; it is the means which the Great Creator uses to perpetuate His image on earth. This is love's mission; this is the answer.

Hand in hand with love, so closely entwined that one is a part of the other, we find our ideals. Ideals are often thought of and spoken of as dreams, as mere illusions. Yes; they are dreams of a certain kind, but illusions—never! They are dreams that result in accomplishment; they are visions that precede progress. Every invention that the world has ever known, every new discovery that science has seen, are only the results of some man's ideals. The mighty dreadnought which rides the high seas in all its majesty was first a dream in someone's mind—some man's vision. In all its detail,

in its every part, this great ship was an idealistic dream.

The vessel is not a dream, for the real man does not stop at dreaming alone; he works his dream out—he sees his ideal become an accomplished fact. We find that life around us is but an expression of the ideals that are found in every human breast. We live our ideals;

Every mind carries the picture of an ideal—an ideal man, an ideal woman. Ideals are never the same. There are high ideals and low ideals, and there are those that are seemingly good and those that are seemingly bad. As there are no two men alike, so there are no two ideals alike. Each man is the expression of the hopes and fears that rule him. As the mind carries the ideal, so the ideal bears the man. One is dependent on the other; one without the other is lost. How many ideals are lost! Yet how easy it is to keep an ideal! In the darkest hour, in the crucial test man can still hold his own. There is one thing that man must remember, and this one thing means much; if he but knows that his ideal is in his own mind, then nothing can shake him. He cannot be robbed.

Man's longings must find expression. In some way a man's soul must overflow. What is this power that sweeps mere mortal off his feet? What is this sweetest joy, this wildest woe, this wine of existence? What is this law of Heaven, this God-given glory? How does God permit the outlet of the soul's ideals? There can be but one answer—*Love*. In a current far swifter than any found on earth, with a power far exceeding natural forces, the visions, longings, hopes, fears, raptures, joys, sorrows, loves, and ideals—all in an endless train—pour forth from man's soul. As ever, life's ideals are expressed by love; in love they have their life and being. In God we find the fountain of love, for God is love. Love is God.

—o—

Disappointed.

T. L. Vaughn, '24.

When its time to dig the taters,
And 'simmons is gitting ripe,
I toots my 'possum horn,
And den I lites my Jimmy-pipe.
"Now Bruno we's a gwine
To dat great big 'simmon tree,
And you'd better find a 'possum
To be cooked for you and me."

Dat dog jes' took de warnin';
I nebber seed de beat.
He trailed right to de 'simmon tree,
And dar he took his seat.
My mouf wuz done a tastin'
A 'possum big and fat,
When way up in dat 'simmon tree
I seeda yeller cat!

The Real Facts in Regard to the Reconstruction Period.

R. S. Martin, '24.

Very few students at Clemson know the real facts in regard to the reconstruction period in South Carolina and the part played by their grandfathers in one of the most important eras in the history of this State. The only information that the majority have on the subject, has been gained from histories written by men who are on the side of the North, and they are not eligible to describe the heroism and patience displayed by the white people during this dark period. These historians are ineligible because they were in authority during those oppressing times. The man with his heel upon the neck of another cannot realize the feelings of the one under the heel. If the white man's side of this history is ever written, he must do it himself.

To properly explain the motives which actuated the people of South Carolina during the reconstruction period and the years immediately subsequent thereto, it will be necessary to describe the conditions which existed at the time.

Shortly before the close of the War, Sherman marched thru South Carolina, then impoverished by four years of war, and left behind him a blackened trail of ruin and desolation. In a tract perhaps fifty miles in width, running thru the State, the lone chimneys of once happy homes standing like tomb-stones over the graves of the dead, were all that was left to mark those sacred spots. Columbia, the State capital, was burned and thousands of old men, widows, and orphans—made so by the war,—were cast out, homeless and without a place to shelter their heads. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of the half-starved heroes when returning home from Appomattox to what were once happy homes they found their dear ones surrounded by such harrowing conditions.

These returned heroes accepted the fates of war and set peacefully to work rebuilding their homes. The negroes suffered as did their former masters, and peace and quiet reigned between the two races until the Republican party, then in control of the government, inaugurated and put into operation the reconstruction measures; a scheme more heartless than was ever before or since told of in history. The prime purpose of these measures was to perpetuate through the negroes, the Republican party, and to place the South in such a position that it could never again oppose its policy. To accomplish this purpose it was deliberately attempted to enslave the refined and chivalrous people of South Carolina and to place them in bondage to their recently emancipated slaves. This is no fiction—the speeches in Congress openly avowed this purpose, and the administrative measure put into force by the Radical party, then in power in the State, proves the statement conclusively.

The first step was to place garrisons of Federal troops

over the State. The white people were unarmed, and, due to the fact that they were scattered over the State, they could not very well organize.

The State government was then organized and the offices of the State were filled by ignorant negroes and camp followers. Then, to uphold the government, they organized the negroes into militia companies and supplied them with both arms and ammunition.

Backed by numbers with arms in their hands, the negroes soon committed such deeds of outrage which, if now repeated, could hardly be believed by their bitterest opponents. Gangs of these armed negroes would parade over the country, cursing and abusing the whites and practicing marksmanship by shooting into dwellings where the whites congregated. They talked openly of their intention to kill the white men and take the white women for their wives.

Imagine, if you can, what must have been the awful fear and dread of the refined and virtuous women of the State during this fearful time; conscious as they were that their protectors were few in number. They knew, too, that many of these were being chased and hunted down by the United States troops upon false charges, brought against them by negroes and designing carpetbaggers.

Some may ask how and why did the veterans of the Confederate war submit to so many outrageous insults. The answer is simple and easy. They had surrendered in good faith and were bound by their paroles. Then the Federal troops were stationed over the State for the express purpose of upholding this infamous government. The white women and children were not as helpless and unprotected as they appeared to be. Such organizations were effected among the whites and arms and ammunition were quietly acquired. In some parts of the State the whites were driven to organize the Ku Klux Klan.

While the negroes in the country were committing these outrages, the carpetbaggers and negroes in the towns and cities were giving their attention to politics. Unresisted, they elected each other to the general assembly, and very soon, supported by Federal troops, they took possession of every office in the State. They then began such a saturnalia of stealing and oppression as was never before equaled in a civilized state. They issued millions of bonds upon the State's credit, every dollar of which they unblushingly stole. When the credit of the State was exhausted, they laid heavy taxes on the almost impoverished white people, the proceeds of which they stole also.

For several years the white people could do nothing to protect their property or the credit of the State. Finally, in 1874, a mass meeting of taxpayers was held in Columbia, but no relief was secured thereby. After this the people began to take some interest in politics, with the hope that their condition could be improved. In that year they elected thirty members to the legislature. These few Democrats, when assembled in the legislative halls of the once proud State, constituted one little white

spot in that dark mass of African ignorance. They had no part in shaping legislation, and they were viewed with suspicion by the negroes; but they constituted an object lesson to the thousands of Northern tourists who visited Columbia during the sessions of the legislature to view for themselves the prostrate State.

During the years of 1874 to 1875 there was a breach in the Republican, or negro party. Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain saw that the negroes were unfit to govern and he proposed to the whites that they unite with the better element of the Negro party. It was decided to have the proposition passed on by a convention, which met in Columbia in 1876. The convention decided that no alliance was to be made with the negroes, but that the white people should put a full white man's ticket in the field. The Democrats adopted a uniform, the main feature of which was a very red shirt, that was to be worn at all meetings and elections. These shirts had the effect of greatly frightening the negroes and of making it appear that the whites were in greater numbers than they really were.

It is³ a matter of common history how these noble South Carolinians, our forefathers, regained control of the government and lifted South Carolina again on a plane with all the other great States in the Union.

Mother's Plan.

E. D. Plowden, 24.

All my thoughts on this bright day,
As I've gone about my work or play,
Have been of my mother—the best of friends,
That I shall lose when her life ends.
I thought of how my mother's care
Has followed me and everywhere;
I remembered how that loving touch
Has made me love her—oh, so much.
How the smiles from her bright eyes,
Have made me think that she half cries
When she softly says to me,
“My son, be as I'd have you be.”
Don't steal or gamble, lie or curse,
For that will make bad matters worse.
Be honest, noble, earnest true,
For that is how I'd have you do.
You know how mother does love you,
And how she'd have you always do;
Take hard things as best you can,
Live the right life, and be a man.
Watch the paths your feet will roam,
Stand for God, for truth, for home.”
I shall strive to live by mother's plan,
And face the world and be a man?

The Calhoun Mansion.

B. F. Robertson, Jr., '23

Have you ever seen Mrs. Calhoun's spinet? perhaps you do not even know what that is. In particular, it happens to be an old piano of the days of 1830, and at present it is in the relic room of the old Calhoun Mansion.

The Calhoun Mansion once reigned over the hills of this section. This stately country home, surrounded by majestic oaks and skirted by an avenue of cedars, was a well known residence of South Carolina nearly a hundred years ago. Mr. Calhoun purchased the estate about 1826, and named his home “Fort Hill” from the scene of the historic battle fought during 1776 on the southern slopes of the property. Fort Hill was manor house for a large plantation, and for years was a typical center of the wealthy Southerner and his activities. The family owned a large number of slaves who worked the cotton fields and the large tracts of river bottom lands.

“Fort Hill” was a brilliant social center as well as an economic one. Mr. Calhoun made this his real home and spent as much of his time here as the official duties of so great a personage would permit. He would journey to Washington and back on horseback and, consequently, he was forced to remain away from home more and more as his power increased and as the questions of states rights and slavery were ever threatening to dissolve the Union. There is a little white house to the rear of the mansion which Mr. Calhoun used as his private study, and it is here that he planned some of his most famous speeches and debates. Speeches that are now familiar to every well informed American citizen were first uttered in this small room in the woods of upper Carolina.

Mr. Calhoun's home-comings were events of importance in this section and he was always received with enthusiasm. Pendleton was a very fashionable and wealthy resort frequently visited by many persons of prominence. The ladies of the Calhoun family were very fond of society and made the old home the scene of many receptions and parties, making themselves famous for the style and quality of their dinners.

Upon Mr. Calhoun's death, the estate passed on among the family to his daughter who had wedded Mr. Thomas G. Clemson. Mr. Clemson, though a man of much less renown than Mr. Calhoun, was also a great thinker who served his country very illustriously while minister to Belgium under King Leopold. Mrs. Clemson on her death-bed willed “Fort Hill” and the plantation to her husband, and he in turn did a very unusual thing—he gave the whole estate to South Carolina for the purpose of establishing an agricultural school. Thus Clemson came into existence, and this is the reason that the institution was named Clemson College instead of Calhoun College. Though the property originally was the possession of Mr. Calhoun, it was Mr. Clemson and not Mr. Calhoun that was responsible for the present agricultural and mechanical college.

One room of the house has been set aside as a relic room in which various articles are still preserved. Prom-

inent among them is the aforementioned spinet, a miniature piano with only about five octaves. It was manufactured in London and was considered a wonderful creation in its day. The keyboard is so placed that when the square lid is closed, the whole thing resembles a table.

Another relic of interest is a low mohair sofa that was originally a possession of the Washington family. The two eagles carved in the back of this sofa were used for the design of the eagle that appears on the American silver dollar. Hanging on the wall, the remains of an old cape made of otter skins may be seen. This cape was presented to Mr. Calhoun by the Indians, and of it he was very proud, having posed for several of his pictures with it on.

There are two busts of Mr. Calhoun on the mantle; one is of planter paris and the other is of marble. The family dining table, an immense piece of mahogany with drop boards, occupies the center of the low-ceiled room. Mr. Clemson, while in Belgium, formed an intimate acquaintance with King Leopold who presented him with an upholstered chair of red plush. Likenesses of the king are carved in the arms of the chair.

The sideboard is peculiar in that it has no mirrors which persistently adorn this modern article of furniture. There are two odd-shaped receptacles on the top of the sideboard that were intended for the family silver. The combination wardrobe and bureau is the largest relic in the room. The doors of the wardrobe open on each side and to the outside. Two beautiful marble-topped tables complete the furnishings.

When compared with some of our present homes, "Fort Hill" sinks into insignificance, but it is not a lonely place. The mansion has the simple air of respectability and peace that so characterized the colonial home of the South.

Clemson College is exceedingly proud that the home of Carolina's greatest statesman is her campus. The relic room is always open to visitors and cadets, and they are invited to visit it at any time.

Alma Mater.

R. H. Smith, '25.

Dear Alma Mater, source of strength,

Do not let our spirit die;

Nor let thy warrior's cease to fight

When they hear the battle cry.

When the God of Fate is with us,

We can hardly know defeat;

But, when our luck has been reversed,

Goad on our lagging feet.

For miles thy spirit shall guide our way.

We are prone to want to stop.

When our team is struggling still

Trying hard to reach the top.

Keep us fighting gamely onward,

In the way that we should fight;

And, in the end, we're sure to see

The dawning of a victorious light.

When Gabriel Blew His Trumpet

J. C. Aull, '24.

It was plainly evident that Uncle Mose Miller was not in the best of humor. His face wore a set, worried look rather than his customary pleasant smile. And Mose had a reason for this worried look. The corn on his farm was desperately in need of work, but for three days his "share-croppers" hadn't touched a plow.

Mose was unusually silent during breakfast. His good wife fluttered here and there with an air of excitement. She knew that something was troubling Mose. Finally she asked, "Mose, are you ill?"

"No!" he answered gruffly.

"Then what's troubling you?"

"It's that darned big—"

"Why Mose!"

"See here, Maggie, I like to see these negroes go to church and all that, but there's no use in staying all night and all day too, especially with their crops in such a condition as they are in now. They don't seem to realize that if their corn isn't worked within the next few days it won't be worth gathering. This thing has been going on long enough anyway. It's got to be stopped!" and Mose brought his fist down upon the table with such force that Aunt Maggie feared for her dishes and began to remove them at once.

From the foregoing dialogue it may be gathered that "big meetin'" was now in progress at "Mt. Zion's colored Baptist Church." This is a time when chickens mysteriously disappear; when our country folk are kept awake through all the hours of the night by the constant tramp and jabber of colored brethren and sisters; and when, as in the case of Uncle Mose's croppers, the farm crops are often seriously neglected.

Mose walked out to the front porch and sat down upon the steps. Strolling with great dignity along the road, with an umbrella in one hand and a Bible in the other, his long-tailed coat almost trailing in the dust, was Reverend Calvin Lincoln Jones. At sight of Uncle Mose he tipped his high-topped hat and bowed low:

"Good mornin', Mr. Mose."

"Good morning, Cal. What are you going to preach about tonight?"

"I'se gwine preach 'bout 'When Gabriel blows his trumpet.'"

"When Gabriel blows his trumpet?"

"Yes sah; don't you t'ink dat's a good subjec'?"

"Yes; that's very good Cal." And as Cal passed on by, Uncle Mose lost his worried look and his eyes began to twinkle merrily.

Some hours later darkness had settled over the clearing in the pine forest where stood the wooden structure of Mt. Zion's colored Baptist church. The old building was crowded to its limit and Cal was in the midst of his sermon.

"Bredders an' sisters, I wants to ax you dis question:

Am you ready for Gabriel to blow de trumpet? Is you ready to hear de sound—"

"Toot"—Call stopped short; his face toward the ceiling and his arms extended.

"Toot! Toot!"—Mt. Zion seemed to tremble as the sharp blasts of a trumpet echoed from wall to wall.

Someone moved toward the door. Instantly there was a mad rush which startled Cal into action. He glanced hopelessly about him. The door seemed too far away. Near him, about eight feet above the ground, was a window which was held up by a short stick. Cal decided to jump. In his excitement he knocked the support from under the window, which fell with a crash upon the long tail of Cal's coat and held him swinging in mid-air. Cal thought that his time had come. He threw up his hands in utter despair; the long coat slipped off, and Cal fell to the ground free—at least he felt free as long as he could run.

In an amazingly short time the vicinity of Mt. Zion was deserted by all save one dusty figure. As he crawled out from under the old church, brushed the dust off of his clothes, and slung his old 'possum horn over his shoulder Uncle Mose chuckled softly.

The following morning Mose was awakened by a familiar noise which told him that his negroes were preparing to work their corn. Aunt Maggie was also awakened.

"Mose," she asked, "what has happened?"

"I don't know," Uncle Mose grinned, "but I believe these negroes are better prepared for the sound of the farm bell than for the sound of Gabriel's trumpet."

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The Lover of Long Ago.

E. D. Plowden, '24.

We lived in palaces of shade,
Down by the brooklet, where we made
Our mud-pies and our lone songs, too,
Just as all young lovers do.

Her eyes were blue, oh! laughing eyes,
As blue as our October skies;
Her hair shone like burnished gold;
But my sweetheart has now grown old.

I'd know her now, if we should meet;
She's still as beautiful and as sweet;
Although her head is white as snow,
She's my sweetheart of long ago.

Once she placed a kiss upon my cheek,
It stayed there for, perhaps a week;
I think of her as I write this,
And long for just one more sweet kiss.

Her rosebud lips were pure and sweet;
I'd walk a mile, these lips to meet.
She's dear to me, this sweet miss, oh!
This lover of so long ago.

Success in College.

H. C. Traxler, '25.

Every young man should make his stay in college a success. There are many ways in which this task can be done, but the majority of students do not get nearly so many benefits as they should from their college courses.

First, let us consider the work in the classroom. Many students just drag along in their class work, putting just enough study and thought into their assignments to get a passing mark. Such a course is wrong, because most of us are in college at the expense of our parents, who wish to see us make use of our time. To make a success, we must not seek the line of least resistance, but rather the line of greater resistance. Our success in after life depends largely on our success in the college classroom. Hard work spells success. Therefore, we should do our own studying and not depend on some classmate to do our work for us.

Again, there is more in college life beside the regular curriculum. Every student in college should be a member of a literary society, and should endeavor to contribute some good articles to, at least one, of the college publications. The literary society is a great source of education. It requires the ability to write and speak well for a student to take the lead in all college and community affairs. A student, or any one else is judged by his ability to speak correctly and to write well at any time. Our college is also judged to a certain extent by the kind of publications that we put out; therefore, we must support them and make them worth while.

There is another phase worthy of consideration—athletics. To be able to think quickly and to develop our muscles as they should be, we must have plenty of exercise. There are so many branches of athletics that every student has the chance to engage in one or more. The knowledge which we gain in the class-room does not constitute an education, because every person should be developed physically and mentally, in preparation for his future work.

Last, but not least, all students should take an active part in the work of the church, the Sunday School, and the Young Men's Christian Association. These are the institutions that build up character and manhood in our community as well as in our college. They should be considered the most important of all institutions in the college and in the community. The benefits from these sources will, in a large measure, determine the kind of lives we shall lead in later years.

The students who are interested in and contribute to these phases of college activities, are the ones who are attaining success, and deriving the most good from their four years spent on this campus. The same opportunities are open to all. Why not grasp them?

Lightning Tigers

D. B. Shehan.

Here's to the Clemson Tigers
At the Carolina-Clemson game;
They were like wild animals
That's never yet been tamed.

Most everything arrives very slowly,
But still we are not so slow—
Just give the ball to Turnipseed;
He knows just where to go.

The Gamecocks are very good,
But Tigers are always best;
For they went through the Gamecocks
Like wild fire through the West.

Around the end went Turnipseed,
Like lightning through the air.
Not a Carolina man could touch him,
Because they were not there.

"Bull" Lightsey is a tackle
From tackle land of old;
But Robinson is the dropkicker
That kicked the winning goal.

—o—

A Martyr.

J. H. Culler, '26.

Blessed boy, he went away,
With such a cheerful heart;
He was so happy and so gay,
That he could do his part.

He left behind his mother,
Who was to him so dear;
One poor invalid brother,
And a father he could not bear.

Ten years before, I hate to say
His father had gone to the bad;
And besides disgrace had brought
Hard times and days so sad.

This boy had sailed for France,
Oh! noble lad was he;
When he was given his chance,
He fought for you and me.

Three long months went past,
And not a word from him;
They waited patiently, and at last,
A letter came to them.

His mother read the letter,
Post-marked across the sea,
Saying, "Your boy is dead, but better,
He died for Liberty."

Aim High.

M. R. Reese, '23.

It is much better to aim high and miss than to aim low and hit. We must all remember that "not failure, but low aim is crime." The effort that we make in trying to hit the higher mark is uplifting. There is always good in striving for the best, and we should never be satisfied until we have obtained the best. The student who plans and labors to be the best student becomes more of a student intellectually and morally. The higher aim excludes dolts and drones from every pursuit; but as long as a man follows the low aims, he can't expect to get ahead of them. In aiming high we must be reminded that we can never idle our time away doing nothing. Someone has said, "To do nothing is to do worse than nothing," and "An idle brain is the devil's work shop." A student who idles away his time rarely ever accomplishes very much for himself or for the world.

In his youth, Demosthenes foreshadowed no fame in the realm of oratory. Indeed, he had an impediment in his speech that seemed to debar him from success in that profession. And yet he became the most distinguished orator of his day. We all envy a man that can accomplish much for himself and for the world. He should be envied, for he sets an example before men that we all should try to follow. However, some of us less fortunate, doubt the good and say within our wicked hearts that it can't be done, and we never do it. The question often arises, "How did these men accomplish so much? Were they able to become famous in a day? If we will study the lines of some of our greatest leaders and promoters, we shall at once realize that no man can accomplish anything unless he has some great desire and ambition to be of service to the world.

Henry Clay was known as the "Mill boy of the slashes," because he lived in a swampy neighborhood of Virginia, and carried corn to the mill on the back of the old family horse. He did not know at the time he was working for his widowed mother that he would be one of the greatest statesmen of the eighteenth century. But he had a great desire and ambition that continually burned within his heart. He always looked forward to the better day that finally came.

If we are optimistic and if we wear a smile of hope a better day will come to those who work patiently and wait.

—o—

The Wanderer's Song.

Lesarch

Who would go back to the city's noise,
Where whispers are never heard?
Who would leave the country scenes,
Where visions of life are stirred?

Who would be blinded by traffic dust,
That never settles down?
Who would leave the country fair,
To wander in a town?
Who would breast the city throngs,
To gam line's needful things?
Who would leave sweet nature's breast,
With the hopes and dreams it brings?
Who would be shut in by buildings close,
That tower like threatening arms?
Who would leave the open meads,
The hills with their visions and charms?
Who would be ever a slave to clothes,
That bind and chafe and lace?
Who would give up the song of birds,
And the music of open space?
Who would forget the sweet odor of hay,
The voice of the murmuring wood?
Who would go back to the city's rush?
Believe me,—I would.

Love de Luxe.

Lesarch

Toots Eisenbergen was a chorus girl of the "petit" type. She was only seventeen. She had seen enough in those seventeen years to become thoroughly disgusted with men. So she said. Mae Costigerry was Toot's chorus girl chum. In a little skit of theirs, Mae took the part of a boy chasing a butterfly. Toots was the butterfly. She was clad in a flimsy pair of wings, and very little more. This act made a great hit. The management, in order to swell the receipts, sold pictures of Toots in her butterfly costume. Twenty-five cents each, three for a half dollar.

Toots was indeed as dainty and beautiful as a butterfly. Mae, her chum, of course, was very homely. You know how girls are. The boys did not seem to care much for Mae. But Toots! The fellows rung around her like "rats" around the "Exchange." They all bought pictures of her in butterfly costume. She called these butterfly pictures of herself, "Gumplunawitzel." This is the Syriac for "sucker-bait." She knew their game.

All the fellows that made a bid for Toots' hand had a gumplunawitzel. When she found that her admirers possessed one, she despised them at once. To her, they seemed like a lot of wolves. She hated them all.

Now, Nat Spivin had not always rested in the lap of luxury. There was a time when he had to work. By a turn of luck, however, he had been made a Y. M. C. A. secretary. He took himself very seriously, as Y Secretaries sometimes do. So he got a good place. Well, you know what was bound to happen. Why, Nat Spivin, went on his vacation and met Toots. Toots fell hard for

him at first. But Nat's seriousness and dignity over-whelmed her. She fell harder.

When Nat decided to go back home, Toots was all undone. But Nat went. Toots stood it the day after Nat left. She managed with Mae's help to fight it out another day. Then she wept on Mae's shoulder, told Mae that she only lived for Nat, and that she must give up her job and go to him. She did.

"Why, hello, Toots! When did you get back?"

"Oh, Mae, I just got in. Do you think I can get my

"Sure; but what's the big noise? Why this migration? And where is that serious lover of yours?"

"Say, Mae, can that stuff. All men are alike; the only difference is in the size of 'em."

"Toots, you ought to see my man, Michael McGillicuddy. Were to be married tomorrow. But tell me about this gnat."

"Well, you know how different I thought he was! How noble and dignified and all that stuff?"

"You raved about him enough for me to know."

"No more illusions for me. I am done with them all."

"Well, come across. Why did you spiral that insect?"

"He didn't expect me. When I walked into his office he grabbed me like a sophomore grabs a week-end permit. I looked over his shoulder, and what do you suppose I saw on his desk?"

"Have no idea. Spill it."

"Give me a light Mae.—Just like all the rest of 'em. Right in the center of his desk was a gumplunawitzel."

Live and Die—A Man.

R. H. Smith, '25.

I may not ever fully be
Just what the world expects of me;
But, do this thing I will and can—
Play the game and live—a man.

It seems to me that this one thing
Should greater fame and honor bring
Than if I were to live a life
Of ease and pleasure, free from strife.

Of all the swiftly coming years
I need not harbor doubts or fears,
If this one thing I fully do—
Live—a man—the whole way through.

In halls of honor and of fame
May ne'er be known my humble name;
But still will I far happier live,
If a real man's life to God give.

But this I know to be a fact,
When all the cards of life are stacked,
The man who wins will proudly stand
And say to all, "I've lived—a man."

The Man in the Mirror.

J. C. Aull, '24.

"Listen!—Mr. Hyde; I'm talking to you! I'm tired of your way of running my life. I intend for you to keep quiet from now on. You always want to do the things that tend to pull a man down and you never encourage me to strive for the things that are highest and best in life. You have no respect for honor. Time and again you've tried to make me believe that it's all right to use unfair means on the athletic field or in the class room. Many times you've caused me to do things that I knew were not right and to say things that I knew I shouldn't say. Profanity seems to be your hobby. I suppose you think it sounds big—but what would mother think if she should hear the things you cause me to say sometimes. And you are a lazy old fellow, too. Yesterday I wanted to study—I needed to study, too—but you said, 'Oh no, don't study this afternoon. Go to the picture show. You can study tonight.' I went to the show. And then last night when ten-thirty came, I hadn't finished studying, but I was very sleepy; so when you said, 'Don't study any more tonight, you can finish tomorrow morning,' I went to bed. Today we had a quiz and I didn't pass, just because I listened to you. You always put everything off until the very last minute. I never would do anything worth while if I listened to you, but I would do many things that I ought not do. So I'm going to make you take a back seat. Understand? You're lazy and dishonorable. You're not a gentleman, that's all!"

"Say—Dr. Jekyll, what's the matter with you. Are you afraid of a laugh or a sneer? Are you a coward? I'm inclined to believe that you are, sometimes. Why don't you stand up for the things that you know are right? You permit me to do so many things that you know I ought not do. I didn't go to Sunday School last Sunday. You know that I always went to Sunday School at home and that I should go here. You know that I shouldn't use profanity; you know that I shouldn't be dishonorable. You stand for the highest and best things of life; so why don't you fight for them? Suppose you come to the front now and take charge of my life. It's true that you haven't done the best you could—but you have the stuff, all right. So just brace up and be a man."

I'm Coming Back to You.

M. B. Brissie, '24.

My thoughts have often drifted back
To the forgotten past,
The day I bade my dearest goodbye
Thinking it might be the last.
Throug much strife and dangers I've past,
Throughtoils and hardships, too;
But some of these days, before always,
I'll be coming back to you.

The scene has oft' come back to me
Of the day when my wanderings began,

How at the lonely railroad station
I gently grasped her little hand.
Then over her handsome shoulders
My arm I softly drew;
As for all the rest, I did my best;
So I'm coming back to you.

Just then I saw the north-bound train
Come thundering into the yard,
I had to leave her standing there alone.
Oh boy, you bet it sure was hard.
Turning, I leaped into the train
And soon we passed from view.
So soon as that train starts back again,
I'll be coming back to you.

From east to west I've roamed this land,
Met defeat and suffered pain;
No moment have I enjoyed like the one
Before I boarded the north-bound train.
Much time I have spent in wondering
If anything I could do that
Would help me forget the past, so then
I could hasten back to you.

I became weary of the road,
And into the sea did plough;
I suffered hardships storm, and shipwreck,
Yet I survived, I know not how;
Some day when my ramblings are o'er
And with the deep blue sea I am through,
Though my hair be gray from weary way,
I am coming back to you.

And all these many years I've roamed
With but one chief end in view;
Somewhere a little home I might choose
With just room enough for two;
And when my wandering days are o'er
And all my dreams come true,
I will build our nest, out in the west,
Then, I'm coming back for you.

When Dresses Cease to Be.

T. L. Vaughn, '24.

What is to become of the modern man,
Who runs his business as best he can,
When the flapper girl with her vampish smile,
Puts on trousers and forgets the style?

The man must from his office get;
Go to the kitchen to worry and fret,
Learn to bake the best of pies,
And do the things housekeeping implies.

The woman cop will tramp her beat
To see that men don't loaf the street;
While the lady judge with an iron hand,
Will sentence poor men to beat the band.

In fact the wife will earn the gold
To pay house rent and buy the coal.
The kids and "pop" will have the fun
While the world, by women, is being run.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



R. W. COARSEY, '23, Editor-in-Chief.

THANKSGIVING.

Three hundred and one years ago, the first Thanksgiving day was celebrated. The Pilgrims, having only a small foot-hold on the shores of Massachusetts, and having endured hardships almost unbelievable in their severity, dedicated one day to the giving of thanks for their preservation.

In contrast to their sad plight on that memorable day, we find ourselves signally blessed. In this age when empires are falling, when entire nations are being blotted off the map of the world, and when the spirit of unrest has so permeated the peoples of other countries that practically no other nation today enjoys the peace and tranquility that is ours, we ought indeed to be thankful. France, England, Germany, and Austria are practically bankrupt; while we enjoy comparative prosperity. The latest figures show that we own two-thirds of the gold in the whole world.

Almost the entire population of Russia is suffering the pangs of starvation—we enjoy the comforts of comparative plenty. No other nation is so nearly free from the ravages of poverty and ignorance. If we but pause long

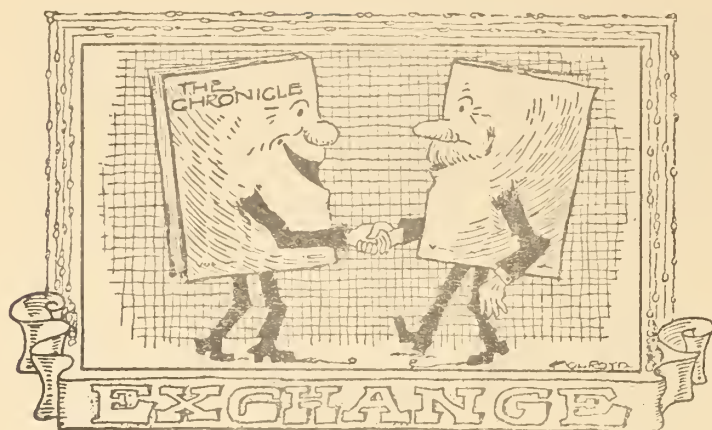
enough in our mad haste of living to think on these things, we can realize that we should be truly thankful. We can repeat the prayer of the Pharisee—though, not in the same self-satisfying way, “Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are.”

—o—

As we travel around, we are impressed by the trouble that man causes by trying to control the lives of others. If we possess a certain belief, whether political, ethical, or religious, we are unwilling to state that belief and allow it to stand on its merits, but we insist that others shall believe as we do. The Democrats try to make it hard for the Republicans the Republicans return the compliment. Ministers must think and say what the congregation demands. It is as if a doctor were called in to attend a sick patient, and should be then discredited by the family because he did not say what they judged was the trouble, and did not give palatable medicine. Professors are ousted from their chairs, Presidents are crushed, scores of men are imprisoned, all because we demand that everyone “be in the right”—as we see it.

The colleges are fighting this menace to social progress. The men of promise today are those who put a premium on independent thinking. But independent thinking does not mean iconoclasm. It does mean grounding your faith in reason and experience. We cannot afford to make garbage cans out of our minds by letting them receive the left-over thoughts of others. When some wild free lance advances his theories of life, think them over. See what these ideas are worth; ask where these ideas are likely to lead; see if you cannot guess just where this particular type will land.

We can do our own thinking; we can be men among men, seeking the truth, loving the right, as we see it, and yet be willing to accord the same privilege to others. Intolerance has caused more wars, more pain, more sorrow, more suffering, than all the other vices of men combined. Let us be tolerant.



EDITORS:

C. T. YOUNG, '23, Editor.

We received during the past few weeks a number of exchanges, the majority of which seem to show lack of material. In most of the issues, however, which we received, the stories, essays, and poems were much better than those ordinarily found in college publications. Doubtlessly a few students found time to put extra effort on an article this summer. Such, at least, seems to be evident. What many of the publications lack in quantity, they make up for quantity in quality. It is quality that counts.

The Furman Echo contained several good articles, chief among which was the story, "The Blue-Eyed Chinaman", and the essay on "Culture." The fact that the writer of this story developed the plot so skillfully, and brought it to such a climax showed that he was familiar with the fundamentals of story writing. Though the essay was short, it made up in quality what it lacked in length. It is not always the longest essay that is the best, as was shown to be the case in this instance. The poem, "An Old Sory in Rhymes" is also worthy of mention.

One of the best exchanges which we received this month was *The Concept*. This publication had a greater variety of articles than any other college paper which we received. A well balanced paper is always highly desirable at all times. The essay "Concerning Irish Drama" contained information of unusual nature. The writer is to be commended for developing such a unique topic so skillfully. The play "Local Color" possessed not only a dramatic appeal, but also had a humorous touch which added much to its attractiveness. The editor of this paper is to be commended for the novel plan which she used in filling up the editor's column. The plan of assigning different phases of a subject to different editors for discussion is a good one. It is possible not only to present the subject in a more comprehensive

way, but also gives the editor's column a variety of style which is always welcome. Evidently, the editors of this magazine are off for a good start, judging by the uniqueness and character of subject matter in their various departments.

The November issue of *The Wake Forest Student* shows signs of having reached a stage of normality again. Though there are no articles of outstanding interest, all of the articles are well written. We read with much pleasure the story, "Feminine Psychology." The writer is to be commended for the splendid manner in which he developed the plot of this story and the apparent skill with which he added a humorous touch at different places in the plot. The writer of the story, "The Winds of Influence" is also to be commended for developing a story that can hold the interest of the reader so well.

The October number of *The Erothesian* contains a number of good articles. The essay "Women of the American Revolution" abounds in rich historic lore. Articles of such a historical nature are usually widely read by all who are interested in the struggle of the American patriots for independence, which ought to include the larger percentage of American citizens.

We read the October number of *The Criterion* with particular interest, for it contained not only several good articles, but also the "Constitution of the College Press Association," and the program for the next meeting of that Association. The history of "Matthew Fountain Manry" was particularly well written.

The October number of *The Emory Phoenix* was one of the best exchanges which we received this month. There was every evidence of a well balanced magazine. The story "Lagoons and Lizards" was especially good. The editors of the various departments started the new year off right by putting forth unusual effort to make the publication what it is. The students are to be congratulated on putting out such a good issue the first month.

The last number of *The Pine and Thistle* indicates a shortage of material as seems to be the case in numbers of instances also. What this magazine lacks in quantity, it certainly makes up for in quality, however. The editorial is of special interest. We hope that this eulogy—for as such we may well regard it, I think—to Flora MacDonald, will serve as an incentive to the students of that college to do bigger and better things in the future.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of other publications also, which are as follows: *The Orange and Green*, *The Blue and Gray*, *The California Countryman*, and *The Technique*. Just as we were going to press, we also received last month's copy of *The Winthrop Journal*.



J. O. PEPPER, '23, Co-operating Editor.

TIMELY THOUGHT

We go this way but once, O heart of mine,
So why not make the journey well worth while,
Giving to those who travel on with us
A helping hand, a word of cheer and a smile.
—Selected.

College students used to have ponies, but now they
have charley-horses.—Selected.

Never meddle with a hornet or a man, who is minding
his own business.—Greenville News.

We often think the old gray matter ain't what she
used to be.—Anderson Daily News.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

Jones' wife went to a party, so he took out the car
And had a little joy ride with a moving picture star.
But when he called for wifey, and saw her knowing smile,
He said, "Twill be a jaw ride for the last, long mile.
—Exchange.

Two old maids
Went for
A tramp in the woods.
The tramp
Died.

—Exchange

MOVE.

When we move, we think. And when we think, the
world moves. And then because the world does move,
we must think. So think—and move!

Rain and trains wait for no man. So, if you want
to keep dry and if you want to travel on time, move.

Suppose you do stumble and fall occasionally? Move!
Get yourself up, pull yourself together, and then keep
right on moving—up, forward, straight ahead.

Is your competitor pushing you? Is the fellow behind

you trying to crowd by and get ahead? Well, he can't if
you just keep moving. And if you move fast enough he
will soon tire of the pace you set.

Columbus moved a little further west than the others
—and discovered America. Lincoln moved a little fur-
ther along in thought when he said that no nation could
exist half slave, half free—and he led a nation into
eternal harmony. Edison moves, with thought and
hand—and science is enriched, you and I are made hap-
pier and more comfortable, the world progresses. The
men who count—moves.

Keep moving. As straight as you can, but move.
Don't wait to be pushed—you might be pushed over.
Move by yourself and for yourself. And if the goal you
reach isn't the goal you want, why—move again.

This day will never come again. Your work can never
be done by anyone else. And your time is now. You will
miss it, you will lose your chance—and your share, un-
less you move—now—and keep right on moving.

Dodge the ditch of Wait-awhile. Jump the wall of
What's-the-use. Snap your fingers at the ghost of I-never-
had-a-chance. Laugh at the sign of Road-Impassable
and take the detour of Determinaton. Keep moving right
along.

There's plenty of room up front.—Greenville News.

Two-faced people are kept so busy looking in both di-
rections they seldom see where they are going.—Ande-
son Daily News.

If he's a wizard with the pigskin, somebody will see
that he gets a sheepskin.—Greenville News.

Long hair, they say, is coming in style fast. Ther-
hairdressers are not asleep at the switch.—News and
Courier.

He's a smart man who is smart enough to refrain
from boasting of his smartness.—News and Courier.

As a rule, you can form a pretty accurate opinion of
what your neighbors think of you by what they say of
others.—Selected.

As yet the mirror has not been made that will enable
man to see himself as others see him.—Greenville News.

There's a lot of speculation now
As to whence man really came,
But that matters very little;
We are all here just the same.

And a thing of real concern to us,
Which we seldom think about,
Is, "Where do we go from here, boys?"
When we are mustered out.

—Selected.

Worry is harder work than work.—Greenville News.



J. L. WEEKS, '23, Editor.

"Pardon me. Did you drop your handkerchief during the toddle?"

"Oh! I'm so embarrassed! That's my dress.—Carolina Tar Baby.

He—"Please, just one little kiss."

She—"No, if I gave you one you'll want more."

He—"No I won't."

She—"Then you don't deserve one."—Brown Jug.

Prof. of History—"What do you know about the age of Anne?"

Shaved-head—"She will be 18 next week."—Cracker.

Willie (excitedly)—"Oh pop, there's a poor man crying outside; can I give him a nickle?"

Pop (producing nickle)—"Why, y;se its mighty kind of you to want to give him a nickle. But what is he crying about?"

Willie (disappearing through door)—"Peanuts, 5c a bag."—Cafe Brule.

Temperance Lecturer—"If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose to drink?"

Soak—"The water."

Temperance Lecturer—"Yes, and why?"

Soak—"Because he's an ass."—Chaparral.

Frat—"Why did the boss fire you from that job?"

Pin—"Well you know a labor boss is one who stands around and watches his gang work?"

Frat—"Yes! yes! What's that got to do with it?"

Pin—"Well, he got jealous of me. People thought I was the boss."—Frivol.

A soft light falls
On tinted walls;
Incense is in the air.

The music thrills
And jazz then fills
The building everywhere.

I sit with him
Where all is dim,
Far from the merry dance.

I watch his face,
And easy grace,
And listen—in a trance.

Although I know
That he will go

And say the same thing o'er
To the other girls
With bobbing curls—

I fall for him the more.
Gee! That's what makes me sore.

—Yale Record.

"Mabel dresses well, doesn't she?"

"Yes, but her costume is rather off this evening."
—Cracker.

SIGNS A BOY DOESN'T BELIEVE IN

Keep Off the Grass.

Admittance at the Main Entrance Only.

Private Property—No Trespassing.

No Swimming Allowed Here.

Please Do Not Use This Path.

Hunting Strictly Prohibited.

Keep Out—This Means You.

Wet Paint.

Do Not Feed the Animals.

Silence.

Unaccompanied Children Under-Age Not Admitted.

Bananas—5c.

Painless Dentist.

The chief difference between any two men is usually
a woman.—Life.

SHAPE.

Joyce—"A Ford and a flapper are a good bit alike."

Imogene—"How's that?"

Joyce—"You can have a blame good time with both,
and hate like the deuce to be seen with either."

—Exchange.

A NATUAL DEDUCTION

"This is the worst town for gossip I ever lived in."

"H'm! What have you been doing?"—Exchange.

—o—

"You don't expect to catch any fish with that pin?"
asked Johnnie's new brother-in-law.

"Well, it ought to be done—My sister caught you with
a spoon.—Gargoyle.

—o—

Airplane Medicine: One drop will kill you.

—o—

There may be parking space for four in a porch swing,
but sparking space only for two.—Selected.

—o—

Some boys work their way through college, and some
work their dads through college.—Greenville News.

—o—

THE CHRONICLE STAFF.

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THE CHRONICLE



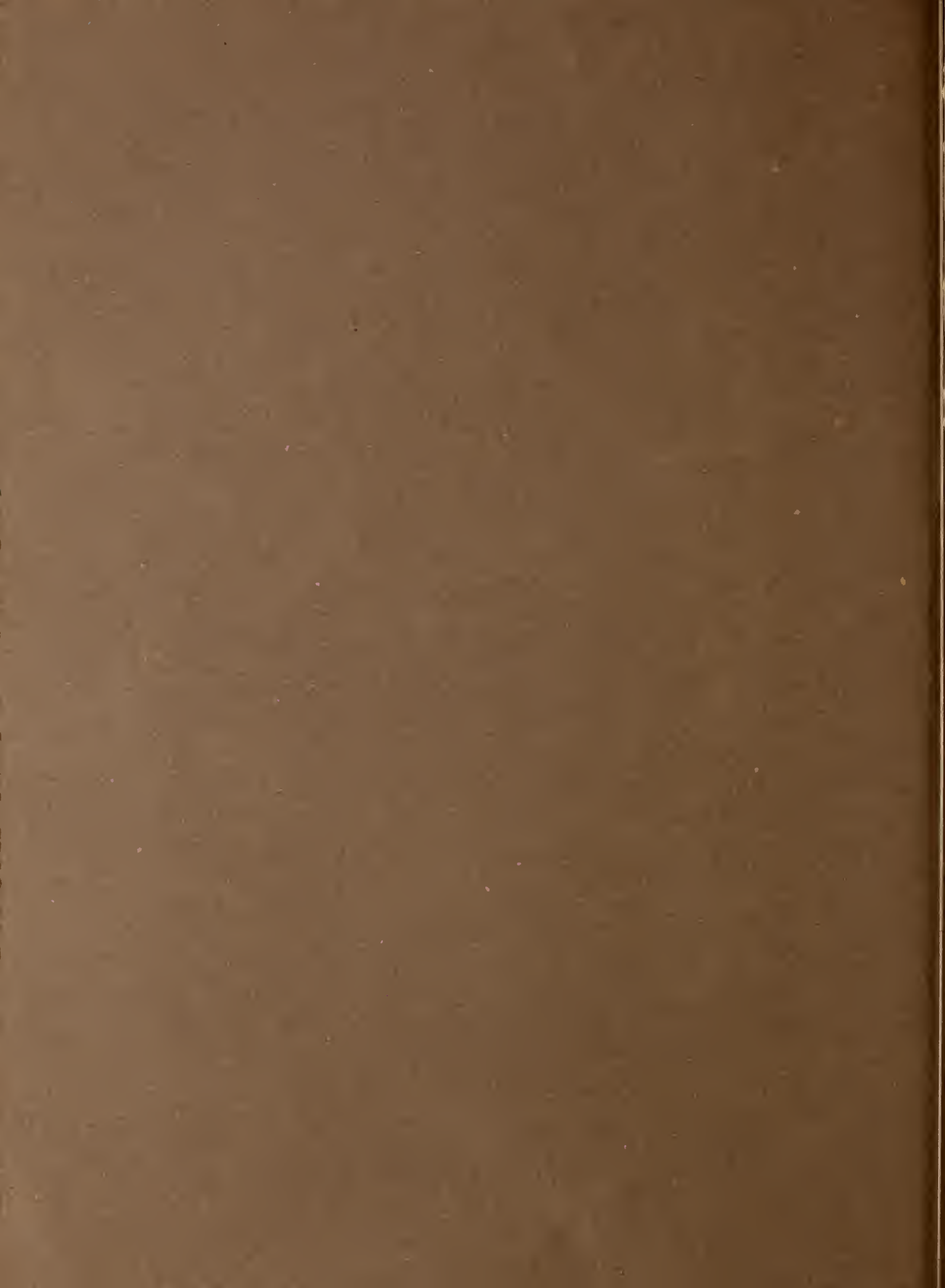
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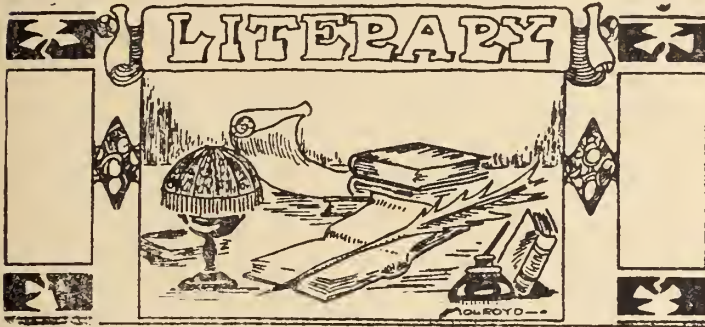


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No. 2

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

S. C. RICE, '23.

M. C. ELLISON, '24

T. L. VAUGHAN, '24

CHRISTMAS

R. H. SMITH, '25

Christmas time with all its cheer
Is now drawing very near.
Soon shall we leave our work and go
To the ones who love us so.

Long, long ago, on a star-lit night,
Was seen, by some, a glorious sight.
For to the world from heaven sent,
Came Him who was to man-kind lent.

E'er since that holy night of nights,
It has been man-kind's great delight
To honor Him who, from above,
Was sent to fill the earth with love.

So now, the homes of man are gay
With pleasant thoughts of this sweet day,
And every where in our fair land
Are cheer and kindness, hand in hand.

I thank Thee, Lord, for this one day
When man-kind lays his work away,
And opens up his heart with love,
To honor Him who rules above.

—o—
"V"

LESARCH

Last year while I was driving thru Pickens county, I saw a man seated by the road, as I stopped to get some water for my car. The fellow had a very pleasant face, and I sat down to have a talk with him. I told him that I was an old Clemson graduate, and found out that he, too, had been there. I did not tell him that I had finished in '97; and, as he seemed rather talkative, I sat down to listen.

This fellow looked rather old to be a Clemson man. He seemed to have an air of sadness about him, and was apparently just hungry to open his heart to someone. He settled down to tell me his story, interrupted only once in a while by one of the children playing about the house, as they came to tell their daddy some bit of childish news. And this was the story he told me.

"You see, Jerry and I were pals. We were at Clemson together, and in the same class. Would you like to hear about the hardest case that Jerry ever had? Well it was odd. Jerry was a football player; made the scrubs, and he should have made the team. He was a big muscular fellow with a heart as big as a department store. But he was one of those slow, easy-going fellows that never worried, team or no team.

"Well, Jerry left these parts, and I don't know where he finally settled. Here I am doing odd jobs about this place 'til something turns up. I often think of the good old days at Clemson, where I took it so easy, and thought it was hard.

"I most forgot to tell you about that hard case of Jerry's. He was in love to a' awful extent. Jerry didn't know how to dance when he came to Clemson, but he soon learned all of the latest steps. He was at all the dances. Every time we came from one, he was in love with a new girl. Sometime it would last as long as a month. It was sometimes that long between dances then; but that was some time ago.

"Things went on like this for a whole year, until toward commencement. Just two days before we were to leave, Jerry fell in one night and raved worse than ever over some girl that he had just met. For the next two days every conversation, however unrelated, ended up in this Olive. Why that bird would wake me up an hour before reveille to tell me something cute that Olive had said. If school had not ended when it did, I kow that Jerry and I would have both been shut up with the other nuts.

"When we got back in September Jerry was raving about V. I found out that V was his nickname for Olive. He was still crazy about her. I began to get interested in a girl that could hold Jerry's affections for three months. So at the next dance I saw her.

"V was a little red headed girl, not much bigger than an olive. When she danced with Jerry, he had to fold up like a pocket knife in order for her to reach his shoulders. But size doesn't always count for everything. Why that girl called V could make Pancho Villa crawl from Nome to S. Street N. W. and apologize to Woodrow Wilson for not being caught by Pershing. It was right sad to see a big fellow like Jerry—he was only two inches shorter than I, and weighed almost as much—just eatin' out of that little girl's hand.

"After a while I kinda got used to seeing it and

rather liked the little girl's spunk. She was as cute as Jerry said she was, and it was kinda nice to obey her, if you didn't have to do it always. But even tho she could order Jerry about, she didn't seem to be as much in love with him as he was with her. Jerry noticed this too; so he asked me one day to talk to V and find out what she really thought of him. I told him I would.

"You know it's a delicate thing to talk to a girl about some other; but Jerry Dean was my pal, and I would have done anything for Jerry. Then, too, V was so easy to talk to, I wouldn't a minded talking to her about anything. Well, I told Jerry I'd do 't for him. So at the next dance, we were both getting all dolled up for the occasion—"

"Bill, come in here and wash these dishes, and come now, and cut out so much talking with everybody that comes down the road," interrupted a voice from the side door of the house.

I looked up to see standing in the doorway, a diminutive little red haired woman, with sleeves rolled up above her elbows, holding a child's dress in one hand and a smoothing iron in the other.

"Is that your wife?" I asked.

"Yes," said Jim, "that's V. If you would not mind eating dinner in an humble home, sir, I will ask V if you might stay; it's a good ten miles to the next town. What is your name?"

"Dear old Bill, I didn't know you at first, you have turned so gray; why, I'm Jerry Dean."

THE BROAD SANTEE

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24.

Whenever I look on the scene of a river,
My heart is filled with glee;
For quickly my mind goes with a quiver,
Back to the Broad Santee.

It was here that Marion's men did fight,
The British who threatened our State;
And too, brave mothers nursed and saved
Our soldiers from direful fate.

Through forest of cypress and sighing,
The Santee flows from mountain to sea;
It's waters murmur, ripple and wind,
And bring sweet memories face to me.

I love to sit and fish all day,
In waters of the Broad Santee;
While birds in the tree tops play
And make glad my heart with melody.

On the Santee's banks all my folks stay,
And there my sweetheart is waiting for me;
There the little pickaninies play
And sing by the broad Santee.

And still the Santee softly wends
Its way to the deep blue sea;
Its waters ripple as it bends
And murmurs sweet memories to me.

A NIGHT IN LOUISIANA

"BILL", '25

A handsome young man stood on the veranda of a colonial home in lower South Carolina, waiting for some one to answer his knock. He stood only a short while before he heard the door knob turn.

"Come in, Henry" said a feminine voice.

Henry entered the door and was soon seated in a big Morris chair in front of an open fire.

"Henry," said Sarah Bloom, "how are you progressing with the job?"

"Fine", said Henry Johnson; "it won't be long before we pull up stakes and move to the next town, very much to my regret. I like this place very well and I should like to stay here."

"I am glad to know that you are doing so well with your work, but I am very sorry to learn that you have to leave so soon. I hoped that your work would keep you here a little longer, and that I would see you quite often, because I like to get into arguments with you."

"Yes, because you always win."

"Not always, Henry. You have won about as often as I have, and when you do win, you win so decidedly. By the way, Henry, did I convince you Tuesday night that a story had to contain a certain amount of truth to be interesting?"

"Absolutely not, Sarah; and I do not believe you could ever convince me that such is the case."

"Look at it in the common sense way. Why should any one want to hear anything that was purely original, or in other words, something made up? You know it is not true, so where would the interest be?"

"Well, Sarah, you know I have been on the burn quite a bit during my life, and I am going to tell you something I experienced. Maybe it will give you some insight into my side of the argument—"

"It was in a small town in Louisiana that I looked out of a box car and found the freight yard to be deserted. I jumped to the ground and, removing my overalls, hid them under the platform of the freight office.

"I brushed myself off and, taking an inventory of the contents of my pockets, found that I had a few cigarettes, but no worldly substance to exchange for a square meal.

"I walked down the track toward an arc light. I thought I would see the "bull" and ask him for a "flop" in the jail, and something to take away the peculiar feeling in the region of my stomach.

"When I got to the light, I looked both ways and decided that the north end of the street must be the main part of the "burg." I walked down this street and took in the scenery.

"The street seemed to be deserted, so I directed my attention to the lay of the street, even a small knowledge of which would prove invaluable in case of a quick selling out of my interest in the town.

Trees were planted on both sides of the street and

arc lights illuminated the intersections of two streets. As I was crossing one of these intersections, I passed a lady. I looked her full in the face, as she seemed to be making a quick survey of me. When she was about ten feet to my rear, I turned to get another glance at her and found that she had stopped and was looking in my direction. She then looked up and down the street and, not seeing or hearing anyone, she motioned for me to come nearer. I judged that she was a woman thirty years of age. She wore a black coat suit, a black hat with a veil hanging from it. She had dark eyes and was very beautiful. She reminded me of a vamp I had seen in a picture show.

"'Young man' she said, 'how would you like to earn twenty-five dollars?'"

"'Madam, I would walk from here to Washington and turn over that five hundred and fifty-five foot monument for twenty-five dollars,' I returned.

"She seemed to be pleased with my remarks. She opened her purse and handed me two ten-spots and a five dollar William and said, 'Follow me.'"

"I walked along beside her thinking, 'Now I may tellect John D. where he may alight.'"

"She turned at the first corner and continued on this street for two blocks, then we turned to the right and walked nearly a block. I took in the scenery all along, always keeping in mind the direction to the freight yard. We stopped in front of a large house built off from the street a distance of about one hundred feet. There were large oak trees in the yard, and a cement walk leading up to the house, which was a fine old colonial home with columns on the front.

"The lady walked up the steps, opened the door, and entered the hall. Gee! but it was a swell home. Oil paintings hung on either side of the hall, while there were busts of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington mounted on small pedestals, which graced the opposite side of the hall from the staircase. On the floor was a Persian rug into which my feet seemed to sink an inch when I stepped on it.

"I followed the lady up the stairs. She entered a room to our right, and the things I saw in that room made me want to give the lady her twenty-five simoleons back and catch the first freight leaving the State of Louisiana.

"I took it all in in one glance. There was very little furniture in the room; no carpet on the floor, and over next to one window was a gray coffin mounted upon two supports. I have always disliked the idea of being around where there is a corpse.

"The lady said: 'Young man, this is my husband in here. He died today of heart-failure. I want you to sit up with the corpse tonight, and by so doing you will earn the twenty-five dollars I gave you.'

"I was trembling so that I was actually afraid to say, 'No,' and then seeing the dire circumstances I was in, I decided to take what might come. After

all, the man was dead. I could not get away from the awful stories I had heard concerning dead people; but I decided I would be twenty-five dollars better off if I could pass the night there.

"'It is a bargain,' I answered.

"With that she took another look at the form in the coffin and departed, leaving me to pass the long night alone.

"As I sat there, stories came back to me that I had heard negroes tell when I was a boy; and the longer I pondered over them, the more ill at ease I felt. I wanted to walk to the lady's room and put in my resignation to take effect at once, but I thought of the beautiful lady remaining in that big old house alone, then I decided again that I would stick it out. I sat there long enough—I thought—for it to be about daybreak, when I heard a small clock across the hall chime the hour of twelve. There was only one light in the room, a very dim electric bulb, suspended in the center of the room by a chandelier. This fact, coupled with the fact that the room was almost bare, made the scene uncanny. The longer I sat there, the more afraid I became. It was so quiet that the whole town seemed dead. The floor creaked and I was startled. When I regained composure I saw the lid of the coffin slide to one side and then the man sat upright. Then it was that I started to praying secretly for help. All of my sins came back before me as clear as a picture upon the screen. It was not New Year, but I made enough resolutions then to supply the population of the state of Louisiana.

"'Young man,' said the form, 'I am not dead but my wife thinks I am. She put poison in my coffee and I am pretending so that I may have the last laugh. Straighten up and don't act so queer.'

"He saw that I was glued to the chair and did not have strength enough to move.

"I heard the proposition my wife made to you; and if you will do me a favor, I will just double that amount. What do you say?"

"I was afraid to say that I would not do it, because that was the first time I ever had the privilege of talking to a real live corpse.

"'Now here is my proposition,' he said: 'another man will be around here sometime tonight, and I want you to watch for him and let me know when he comes.'

"'If you promise me you will give me five minutes in which to leave before you start anything, I'll take you up', I said.

"With that he lay back in the coffin and pulled the lid on. Then it was that I was afraid. Both men would shoot to kill, and if I should run away I should have a bad day. I prayed that the other man would not show up, so that I should not have to leave so suddenly.

"I sat there, it seemed, for another week. Then I heard the clock strike one. Every time the floor

creaked, I could see all of my sins before me, and I prayed that I might live long enough to redeem myself.

"Piercing the still hours of the night, the sound of footsteps came from the cement walk to the rear of the house. Now I knew my end was near. I walked on tiptoe to the coffin and whispered, 'He is here, but for God's sake do not shoot until I have gone.'

"I ran to the door, opened it, rushed down the stairs four steps at a time, through the front door, and was half way down the walk when I heard three shots ring out in the night air; then I fell face down on the sidewalk."

Here Henry stopped to make a cigarette. Sarah looked as if she were very afraid. She clasped her hands around Henry's arm and said:

"Henry, why do you stop? I am nearly distracted? What happened then?"

"About that time the switch engine hit the box car and awakened me," said Henry.

"Then it is not true; it is only a dream? Why did you frightened me so with a joke?"

"Just to show you that everything does not have to be real or true to be interesting."

"I shall never argue with you again, Henry", said Sarah.

"Then, if you mean that Sarah, we will be married the day before we leave for the next town, because when a boy and girl get to the place where they are not always disagreeing, it is time to hook up."

With that Sarah placed her hand on Henry's shoulder and turned her face up to him—

And the fire burned low.

BOOKS

R. H. SMITH, '25.

No better fate do I desire
Than on a rainy day,
To have a favorite book and fire,
And thus drive dreary gloom away.

I read of love in days of yore;
Of mighty battles fought;
Of witchcraft and of magic lore;
Of plots that came to naught.

Then comes the tales of pirates bold,
And of their mighty deeds;
Of mutiny, death, and glittering gold;
Of men who held no creeds.

Stories too, there are of knights,
Back in the golden past;
Who at their leader's word did fight;
Their hearts were true unto the last.

There too, are tales of simple life,
Of sorrow, toil, and pain;
Of ceaseless, changing, cruel strife,
That comes and goes, yet comes again.

Thus on my fancy's wings I ride—
The whole wide world I roam,
And never leave my own fireside
Which holds me close at home.

THE QUITTER

H. A. WOODLE, '23.

No, Dick Osborne simply would not play. A shining light on the high school football team, and three years the star quarterback on California's team, but he absolutely refused to keep his berth on the college eleven. The football coach had argued until he was hoarse; his friends had pleaded until they were exhausted; and still he was adamant. No; his studies were more important than his services to the college football team; he could not be persuaded to give in. Dick Osborne was determined to make good in his academic work.

"But, Dick," protested his roommate, Bobby Jones, "don't you see that it is for the good of our Alma Mater?"

"Oh, yes, Bobby, I have heard all of that before," was the weary reply. "I have also told you that it is out of the question."

"Think again, old man. Some of the fellows are beginning to whisper that you are afraid—that you can't stand the gaff. I know it's not so, but one can't help hearing what is said."

"Let's forget it. Talking won't help. Are you going to Alice's party tonight?"

"You bet I will be at that party tonight. All of the fellows who have been invited will be there. And you—but of course you will be there. But, Dick,"—and again a note of pleading crept into his voice, "I hate to see you acting as you are. The team needs you as never before, and the big game is but three weeks off."

Dick looked across the table at the earnest face of his roommate, and slowly shook his head. Grabbing his hat and jamming it on his head, he waved his hand as he opened the door: "See you at the party tonight, Bobby. I may be late, for I have a number of references to read in the library." Dick shut the door, squared his shoulders, and resolutely started for the library.

The night was a night of nights, just the best sort of time for a party. And a real party it was, a party never to be forgotten—in more ways than one. The soft notes of a waltz died away, and the young people gathered in little groups as their clapping did not bring any response from the weary orchestra. A few of the young men were clustered together in an excited knot. One could see very plainly that they were discussing what to them was a very important question. Now and then a voice was raised above the others as the argument continued.

"I tell you he is yellow, plain yellow," cried one excited student whose voice was perhaps louder than he thought it was.

"You wouldn't tell him that to his face, and you know it," was the sharp retort that this statement brought forth.

"I would! Any fellow who quits as Dick Osborne quit, has a yellow streak a yard wide right down the middle of his back where his backbone should be," snapped the critic in none too low a tone.

Suddenly a silence fell on the outside of the circle, and the men fell back on either side as Dick Osborne came forward with a deliberate step which placed him in front of his denouncer. Not a word was said as the two men faced each other; one with a calm face that hinted at untold reserve power, and the other with an arrested sneer on his now distorted countenance.

"Deering, you have said too much. I am going to lick you within an inch of your life." The words were slow and selected. Then with a snap: "Now defend yourself!"

With a crafty look the other attempted a smile: "Let's forget it, Dick," and he held out his hand as if in conciliation. Then as quick as a thought he swung viciously at Osborne's head. The blow never landed. A jerk of the head, a sidestep, a smashing right to the jaw, and Frank Deering lay stretched out on the floor in a limp mass. He did not rise; he could not.

All of this excitement and commotion could not help attracting attention. Now everyone was crowding around the fallen man, and some of the girls were fast becoming hysterical. Dick Osborne, after looking with disgust on his inert opponent, detached himself, and, looking neither to the right nor the left, secured his hat and coat and departed. Alice Pearson bent over the form on the floor and dashed water on the fast swelling face. Her party had been ruined. What could she do? And everything had been going along so delightfully too. What would people think? And Dick, her Dick, was the guilty one. He it was who had deliberately knocked this man down. He had spoiled her party.

"That's what I say about having such a boor present," muttered a crony of the fallen one.

The girl rose, her eyes flashing fire as she whirled about to face the one who had made the remark. Her lips opened, and a stinging retort was on the tip of her tongue; but slowly she lowered her head and, hiding her face in her hands, ran from the room. Running up the stairs she jerked open her door, rushed in, slammed the door, and threw herself across the bed. Then came tears—tears of disappointment, mortification, and anger. Let them take the unconscious Deering home; let them leave her party; let them think what they wanted; she did not care. Dick Osborne was to blame for it all. She loved him—had loved him—yes; but she would forget that. Wouldn't she make him smart for his

actions? She would make him understand that he could not allow his temper to hurt others—that his unbridled passion had been his downfall. And again her tears gained mastery.

And then one day—

Wonder of wonders! Dick Osborne was out for football practice. The coaches wondered; the spectators gossiped; and all looked on with questioning eyes. This was good luck indeed. The coaches were only too glad to see him back; they did not ask any questions. The onlookers were careful to keep their gossip to themselves; they were so overjoyed at seeing their idol in uniform again that they did not let their opinions reach his ears.

And Dick was working. He swung into line with the squad and put his best effort into his every action. He was fighting—fighting hard, for he had his former prestige to regain. They had called him yellow. Very well, he would show them. He gritted his teeth as he tucked the oval under his arm and dived through the offense ahead of him. He must make good. And he would show *her* too! He could not forget the scathing words: "Only a bully would have acted as you acted. Never speak to me again." And as he lunged fiercely forward at the opposing line, his muttered words were forced through his clinched teeth: "I'll show them."

The days rolled by, and came—

The day of the big game! Magic words that thrilled thousands. The annual classic; the battle between the two big elevens; the fight for the championship. At last the day of the great football classic had dawned—the day which would see the two inspired football teams meet on the field of battle to decide the championship of the Coast. Oregon was determined, but so was California. Two giants would cross swords.

The stadium was filling rapidly. Throngs of excited fans were struggling through the crowded gates. The air was charged with an indefinable something; it could be felt but not analyzed. The people were jumping up and moving about as if they were on springs, for the excitement ran so high that they could not keep still. The rival student bands, located on either side of the stadium, filled the air with notes of their respective college songs, and time after time the student bodies sent their yells rolling across the gridiron. Colors fluttered on all sides; both teams had loyal supporters. The stage was set; and now all eyes turned on the dressing rooms from which the warriors of the gridiron would issue. Every eye was expectant.

Suddenly, pademonium seemed to break loose; The pride of California's men, the hopes of thousands of students, were trotting forth from the opened doors of the dressing rooms. Cheer after cheer swept over the field as the players quickly lined up and snapped the ball. The team moved forward, and again the ball was snapped. Oh, but they looked good. Would they down the mighty

Oregon team? Well, they would certainly have the chance. And then again the crowd went wild. The Oregon warriors were advancing. Loyal student bodies vied with each other in the amount of noise they could make, and excited fans and alumni raised their voices among the rest. The teams were lining up for the kickoff. Carefully the ball was placed on its pedestal of earth, and the captain raised his arm. Oregon was ready. Was California ready to receive? Another arm was raised, and the sharp blast of the whistle echoed in answer. Twenty-two men were galvanized into action as the ball soared gracefully through the air to be caught by a back on the California's ten yard line. The game was on.

Schuyler, the giant fullback, gripped the ball and raced straight down the field. He crossed three white lines before a pair of tenacious arms were wrapped around his legs, and then he hit the ground. It was California's ball on her own twenty-five yard line. Now what was her offensive strength? Could she push the pigskin down to and over the last white line? Quickly Dick barked out the signal. With the precision of seasoned troops, the men jumped to their positions, and the center snapped the ball to Schuyler. The big man bent his body and drove forward, but to no avail. Again the center snapped the ball. This time Dick tried a play off tackle, but he could not get beyond the line of scrimmage, for a yellow jersey barred his path. Third down; he would have to punt. Dick dropped back, and receiving a perfect pass from the center, lifted the ball in a spiraling curve toward the rival goal. An opponent grabbed the oval and rushed down on California's charging ends. A leap, an impact, and the Oregon player was rolling on the ground. Now what would this much talked of team do, now that they had the ball? Could they batter down the defense thrown in their path?

The yellow jerseys swung into line. A red-headed halfback plunged through an opening in the defense. Again the players crouched, and again the red-headed player bolted through the line like a streak. A ten-yard gain! The crowd went wild. Yells of encouragement floated out to the players, but they were deaf to all noise. They were playing the game. The opposing elevens were facing each other in mid-field. The signals were snapped out and again a yellow jersey tore through the opposing line. Then a flashing streak of yellow was seen as it sped around an end. The crowds were on their feet. "Hold them, team!" The California students were becoming desperate. The red-headed youth dropped back, and raising the ball shot a pass that sailed as true as an arrow into the waiting arms of an Oregon man who hugged it to his side and fell across the goal line. A touchdown! And in the first five minutes of play. Truly there was something wrong. The pigskin plumped between the up-rights for the extra point. Oregon 7, California 0. It looked bad for California's hopes.

It was a determined bunch of football players who went back into the fray. They would show that they were not defeated. Did they not have Dick Osborne? He would show them a thing or two. As before, the purple jerseys received the ball. California was given another chance. Nothing doing! The ball changed hands, and again the Oregon backs started pounding on the Purple line. To no purpose, however, for the line did not give an inch. And so the game went; the ball see-sawed back and fourth near the middle of the field. Neither side could gain any headway. There the quarter ended, with both teams at a standstill; neither side able to advance the ball.

The second quarter started off with a rush. The ball was in Oregon's possession, and the sturdy little quarterback slipped a pass to one of his mates that netted ten yards. There the drive stopped. Three successive times the heavy Oregon backs threw themselves against the purple line, but it did not waver. Dick received the punt, and eluding a pair of yellow arms that reached for him, started down the field toward the goal that looked so far away. But he did not go far, before he was picking himself up from the ground. Something was the matter! Dick was not playing true to form; he was playing mechanically as if his heart were not in his work. He seemed to lack the punch when he needed it most; he was not running the team as he was accustomed to run it. Time after time his mates would make substantial gains through the Yellow line; but every time when it seemed that they had gained their pace, some bad play would lose all that had been gained. The crowd groaned. Where was the mighty Osborne? Where his great broken field running? Where his wonderful generalship? It was heart-breaking, and the worst of it was that Dick seemed to be the one who was to blame. He was not fighting—not half trying. The coaches shook their heads in surprise and regret; they had thought that Osborne was to be depended on. He was not doing his best; he had failed. With a despairing shrug of his shoulders the head coach told a blanketed warrior to warm up.

Dick Osborne, for three years quarterback of the mythical All-Coast eleven, was taken from the game—the game of all games, the game that was the one big event of the year. Removed from the championship battle! Dick sat hunched on the bench, a blanket thrown across his shoulders. Oh, well, he didn't care; what did it all amount to anyway? He hadn't really wanted to play. Alice had denounced him, and he didn't care what the others thought. Then a thought flashed through his mind: "What if *she* thinks I am yellow?" He *did* care, and it hurt him. He hung his head.

On the cleat-torn turf, the two mighty elevens still swung back and forth. The throng watched with bated breath as now one, now the other pushed the ball up and down the field. California did not fal-

ter, but it seemed that they did not have the power to cross the Yellow team's goal line. And it was thus that the half ended, with Oregon leading by a touchdown. The supporters cheered lustily as the teams moved off the field, and then turned to one another with questions on their lips. "What is the matter with Dick Osborne?" "I thought that he was one of California's star players." If the questions were not spoken, they were written on every countenance. The crowds did not understand. And then—

As the men filed into the dressing rooms, a little boy ran up and pressed a scrap of paper into Dick's hands. Before he could question him, the boy darted away with a parting: "She sent it." Dick opened the paper with trembling fingers, and his eager eyes searched its few lines. He would recognize that writing anywhere; it was **hers**! Tears sprang to his eyes; the words seemed to blur—" . . . and, Dick, now I know. They told me that you were drunk and had no excuse for striking him. I tried to forget you, dear, but I couldn't—Dick, I love you as I have never loved you before. Listen, they are saying that you are a quitter. Show them! I believe in you, sweetheart, and will be watching." The few sentences burned themselves into Dick's heart. And he had thrown his chance away; they believed that he was a quitter. If he did not redeem himself, even Alice would believe that he quit. He **must** have another chance.

The note lay crumpled in his fists as Dick stepped in front of the coach: "I'm going back in, 'Doc'; you've just got to put me back. I must have another trial," and without another word he held out the note to the coach. The coach looked at the man before him, then glanced over the note he held in his hand, and again looked straight into the piercing eyes so near his own. He was a judge of men, was this man. Without changing his expression, he held out his hand. Dick grasped it and held it tight. A lump rose in his throat as he turned away; he could not speak. He was to have another chance.

A whistle shrilled. The people rose to their feet and uttered shout after shout that rent the air. The last half of the great battle was to decide the issue at stake. It would be a battle of giants. The pigskin bounded through the air as a lusty toe lifted it from the ground. It was California's ball on her own thirty yard line. The signal was called; the crowd went wild with excitement. Who had said that Dick Osborne was a quitter? The purple jersey swept through a break in the line; a tackle jumped at him, only to raise his head in time to see the same purple jersey tear into a back that was in the way. He was down, but not out. Cheer after cheer swept out to him as he jumped to his feet, but he did not hear; he was fighting, fighting for his honor and for all that he held dear. She believed in him; she was watching; he must make good. Again the signal rang out. This time the big fullback, Schuyler, plunged through the line for a gain. An-

other thrust, and Milling made it first down. "Dick, follow me. I'd knock out Satan himself for you," whispered Schuyler as he jumped into position by Dick's side. It was a sweeping end run with Schuyler leading the way. The opposing end was passed, but a halfback was coming in. Schuyler left his feet as he jumped for the would-be tackler. Both went down together; Dick now had but one man between him and the goal line. With the ball safely tucked under his arm, he raced forward with every ounce of strength that he could summon. The Oregon safety man plunged after the speeding player. A side step, a twist, and Dick freed himself; but he had been slowed up. Several players grabbed him savagely from behind, and he went down. The opponents crouched with determined faces; they would not allow him to pass again. A quick lateral pass, and Bobby Jones dashed around an end for a twelve-yard gain. Only ten more yards to the last white line! A pass was grounded; a line buck failed. Schuyler received the ball and hit the Yellow ine like a thunderbolt. It wavered and broke, the big back driving through its midst for five yards. Fourth down, and five yards to go. Would they—could they do it? Bobby Jones and Schylur crowded about Dick. "We'll do it," and their hands met with grips of steel. Dick signalled for the ball, and he fairly threw himself around the wing of the line. But he was not alone, for Bobby stretched the opposing end at full length on the ground, while Schuyler hit the halfback so hard that both of them fell several yards behind the goal line. Dick eluded a clutching grasp, and dived over the goal with the ball hugged securely to his side. The crowds were shouting themselves hoarse, and when the referee waved his hands high in the air, the California supporters went wild with joy. The score was tied! California had rallied.

"Who's all right?"

"Osborne!"

"Louder!"

"Osborne!"

"Still louder!"

"Dick Osborne!"

The cheers rang out again and again. But the shrill of the whistle turned all eyes back to the actions of the teams. The game was not over yet. The Purple must win—they must score again. With pounding hearts the fans watched as the teams clashed in earnest combat.

The third period passed, and still it seemed that neither side could advance the ball for consistent gains. Time and again, Dick tore at the line or dashed around the ends, but it seemed as if the gains would not continue at the right times. And so the battle raged. The ball was in Oregon's possession on the fifty-yard line. An attempted line buck was crumpled; an end run was turned back; a forward pass was grounded; and Oregon prepared to kick. Dick encouraged his men: "Get that ball!" As the

opposing center's finger's clinched on the ball, a whirlwind of two hundred pounds of bone and muscle hurtled over the line, stumbled, recovered, and then the giant fullback, Schuyler, crashed into the man who was preparing to kick. They went down together. It was California's ball on Oregon's forty yard line. This was the chance. Could Dick use it?

"Two more minutes to play." The timekeeper's words sounded like a knell to the rooters on the sidelines, for many long yards stretched between the ball and the goal which was now seemingly impregnable. The excited crowd almost forgot to breathe! What in the world could Osborne mean by a play like that? A place kick from the fifty-yard line; why it would never work. Yet they watched with fascinated eyes as the team prepared for the kick. Dick got the ball from the center, and placed it in position for Schylur's heavy toe to send it through the air. But the toe and ball never met! Schuyler sprang over the ball and started around right end; and Dick snatched the pigskin to his side and sped away in his wake. Milling threw himself at an opposing end who was preparing to tackle Dick from behind, and Jones, after putting his man on the ground, raced after Dick and Schylur. A broken field; a shifty runner! The big fullback bowled over the opposing half; a side step avoided another player; and still the purple jersey rushed down the field. The safety man made a lunge, but Dick was not to be stopped. With a clever side-step and a wicked forearm, he twisted free, but—the stands groaned! He stumbled, righted himself, stumbled, and then fell. An avalanche of yellow jerseys smothered him before he could rise. A beautiful run of twenty-five yards, but could California cross the line before the whistle ended it all? Quickly Dick jumped to his feet: "Signals, 16—22—33—25." The men sprang to their positions: "16—19—21—4," and Schylur plunged off tackle. No gain. Again the clash, and Robby Jones jumped over the line for a gain of three yards. The ball snapped back, this time to Dick, who while racing toward the sidelines sprang into the air and shot the oval into the waiting arms of Bobby Jones. First down! A minute to play! Oregon's line stiffened and threw back an attempted line buck. An end run proved equally unsuccessful. Dick looked longingly at the uprights, but he could not kick a field goal from his present position on the field. All of his life seemed to have led up to this crisis—this test. They were expecting it; she was watching; he must cross that line. The coaches could not keep still; the crowd had forgotten to yell. It was with a prayer in his heart that Dick called for the ball. With his very soul in his attack, he charged down upon the Yellow team. No opening! With a mighty effort he dived over the mass of struggling players; he fought toward the goal. To no avail. He stopped. The last white line was so near, yet so far. Fourth down, and three yards to go. Dick grabbed Schuyler by

the shoulder: "Get behind that center—I'm going over you." The ball shot back into his arms, and with a last supreme effort Dick hugged it to his breast and descended on his opponents like a purple streak of inspired vengeance. A cat-like jump to Schuyler's broad back, and dived head foremost—out and over the mighty Oregon's goal line. Weakly he rolled on the ground. He had won! Still hugging the ball, Dick closed his eyes as a black gulf seemed to rush up and envelop him.

Then—

The time was several hours later. Dick opened his eyes, and blinked them. Could he believe it? He put out his hands and touched the dear face bending over him.

"Alice," was all that he could say, it was enough.

"Dick", came the soft tones as she bent nearer. And her auburn hair made a pretty picture outlined against the snow white of the pillow.

—o—

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

C. W. GARVIN, '26

If we could but draw back the curtains,
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what move the action gives;
Often we would find it better,
Better than we thought we would.
Oh, how we could love each other
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds and motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we condemn the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.
If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment;
Understood the loss and gain;
Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?

Would we help where now we hinder,
Should we pity where we blame?
Oh! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less confused at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better,
If we only understood.

OPPORTUNITY

T. H. WEEKS.

Mr. Spalding, in his essay on this subject, asks these questions: "How shall I live? How shall I make the most of my life and put it to the best use? How shall I become a man and do a man's work?"

These are all vital questions in a man's life. The primary consideration is not how to get a living but how to live. If a man lives the right kind of life, he need not be bothered by the problem of getting a living.

Here, in our college life, we must answer these questions. Life in later years will be made easy if we answer them in the right way.

"How shall I live?" We should all live clean, straight-forward lives, as free from defects as possible. One good man may have a great amount of influence over his class-mates and associates. On the other hand, one bad character can ruin everyone with whom he comes into contact. These facts make it clear that it is everyone's duty to live a clean life in every respect.

"How shall I make the most of my life and put it to the best use?" When a student enters college, his life work is begun. To make the most of one's life one must study and learn everything possible from books and associates. One's associates should be chosen from the highest class of men and women. Of course, one should not neglect the lower class; but by living the right kind of life and keeping the right kind of company one can help these lower ones to see their faults more plainly, and they seeing them would strive to correct them in order to get on an equal footing with the others.

"Poverty is that north wind which lashes men into vikings. Lowliness is young ambition's ladder." It is a pleasant thing to see a young man or a young woman sticking to his or her books and feeding from them like bees from flowers. But the most cannot be obtained in one's life from books alone. I have never thought much of a "book-worm." I think some active part should be taken in athletics and in literary society work for one to accomplish much in life. What is taken from books but not put into practice does no one any good.

"How shall I become a man?" Surely, not by standing aside and taking life easy, for life is serious. To become a man physically is not necessarily to become a man in the broad sense. We need men who are well trained in intellect to carry on our business today. Infact, the time is upon us now when the men who make good in life must be men physically and mentally.

"How shall I do a man's work?" First, what is a man's work? Anything that is hard to do is a man's work. To do anything mean, however, is not the manly thing; no matter whether or not it is done as an act of pure thoughtlessness. To be able to do a man's work one must have, first, a good supply of

what is known as common sense; second, will power or ambition; and third, a good education to enable him to think and act clearly. By combining all these qualities in the right way anyone can do a man's work successfully.

Opportunities for doing good are always present at every time and place. Therefore it behooves us to be especially watchful and helpful to others at all times.

—o—

ARE YOU THE IMITATION?

P. M. GARVIN, '23.

One day while passing by a large furniture store, I stopped and watched an extra large mirror being hoisted from a truck. The massive, gilded frame of the mirror was artistically designed. A hand-made carving, I thought, a relic of the olden days when the artisans labored carefully for days and nights to chisel and smooth a piece of hardwood into the desired shape that would last forever.

These old hand-carved mahogany frames are extremely admired by every one. This old furniture has been handed down to the descendants of those who formerly owned it, but the millionaires and museums try to monopolize it.

Now, suddenly, a rope slipped and the beautiful frame that I was admiring hit against the pavement, and a piece of the frame was broken off. On examining it, I noticed that it was only plaster of Paris, and no wood at all, but just an imitation.

There are many women in the world who married men, believing them to be genuine frames, but they afterwards found that they were merely imitations.

Then what proportion of genuineness is there in the character of human beings as compared with the amount of imitation in them? Is it 100 to 1, or is it 1 to 100?

This is a very difficult question to answer, for the answer depends upon the man or woman. It is to be seen that there is a great deal of good in both men and women, but there is also quite a deal of imitation on the market.

It is then difficult to determine whether people are genuine or imitation, because they are concealed beneath the gilding of social etiquette. But let them get a severe knock and, immediately, you will see what they are. The piece that flies off, readily betrays the genuineness of the wood or the imitation of a plaster of Paris.

If we are suddenly confronted with poverty or temptation, we receive a knock, and then we discover how honest or dishonest, how strong or how weak we really are.

Then is the time when the people see whether we are genuinely hand-carved, or just a gilded imitation of the real thing.

You would, no doubt, be greatly surprised if you really knew how much imitation there is in this old world.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



R. W. COARSEY, '23, Editor-in-Chief.

This is the last issue of the Chronicle before the Christmas holidays. The staff wishes to take this occasion to wish every one a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Let each one of us go to our respective homes with a spirit of love, appreciation, and understanding of the sacrifices which our families are making that we may come here. In this way, we can make this Christmas, for our parents, happy to a degree yet unknown.

On November 22, 23 and 24, the College Press Association met in Columbia, S. C. The meeting was a success from every point of view. Columbia College, Chicora College, and the University acted as hosts to all the visiting editors of college publications. They had arranged a program which was pleasant and instructive. To the staffs of these college publications and especially to the officers of the Association is due much credit for the success of the meeting.

The Association meets next year in Spartanburg with Wofford and Converse Colleges as host.

The staff of the Chronicle would like to drop this little hint to those who favor us with contributions. When possible, typewrite your manuscript, when not possible, write in ink, on theme paper and leave room in the margins for corrections and suggestions. To each individual who contributes, this will not mean a great outlay of extra time, but it will mean much time and labor saved for those who read the manuscript.

Rodin carved a wonderful figure in white marble, and called it "Meditation." It is the figure of a woman without arms or legs; the lips and eyes are closed; only the anguish of her face reveals the struggle going on within. This woman is the emblem of human intelligence, assailed by problems it cannot solve, haunted by an ideal it cannot realize, obsessed by an infinite which it does not grasp. Here it stands, this human intelligence, amid loneliness and the contempt of the masses. Here it is, with its thoughts of progress and its truths, spent for the freedom of the people, upheld only by its loyalty for a holy cause. This is human intelligence.

Only four out of every ten thousand who enter the public schools ever graduate from college, Four in ten thousand. Of those four, how many have the courage to enlist for life in a holy warfare for truth and the freedom of the people? This enlistment without wide learning is useless. It is not a decision to be made late in life. It is a growth. Beginning in youth, it must be a master ideal, filling ones whole horizon.

If one man each year of Clemson's graduating class were to give himself to thinking and acting for others, one who would dare not ask even himself, "What has the world to give me?" but whose great question would be, "What have I to give to the world?" What a gift of the South this would be. The name of this, our Alma Mater, would be written in glowing colors across the eternal sky. We of Clemson would give arms to "Meditation", we would open her eyes that she might see, her lips that she might speak.

MORAL MOVIES

LESARCH

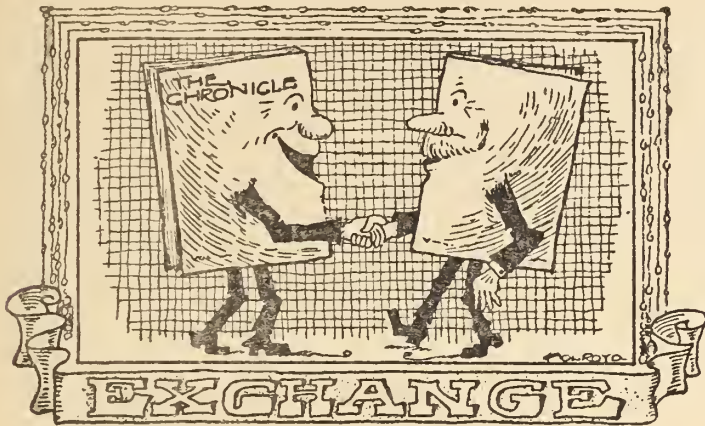
Come on, let's clean up the movies.

Let's cut out the stuff that is wild,
The vamping, the hugging, the kissing;
Let's make them more peaceful and mild.

Let's cut out the drinking and rough stuff,
The girls with the smiles, but no clothes.
Let's put bathing beauties in water,
And even have fewer of those.

Let's ban all the wild Paris parties,
And cover all rosy pink knees.
Put the kibosh on restless young ladies,
By not showing any of these.

Why sure, we will clean up the movies;
We'll begin right here on the spot.
But when the big job is completed,
Are you going to see them? I'm not.



EDITORS:

EDITOR, C. T. YOUNG, '23. ASST. EDITOR, J. C. AULL, '24

Since reviewing the exchanges of last month we have received a number of additional magazines. The material in each of these, and also that in the exchanges previously commented upon, is up to the usual standard. We are proud to see that each of our exchanges contains such a large list of contributors, and in reviewing the various articles we find quality has not been sacrificed for quantity. We are always glad to see the students of any institution devoting at least a part of their time to their literary magazine.

The Thanksgiving number of **The Orion** contains several exceptionally well written articles. The editorial column is especially good. The appearance of this magazine might be improved by more distinct department headings. "The Road Before Us" is an article with a good thought well expressed.

We are glad to see on our exchange list for this month, **The Nautilus**, published by the pupils of Greenville High School. This magazine will compare favorably with many of our college publications. The pictures and cartoons are very good and add much to the appearance of the magazine. We were especially impressed by the large number of contributions, among the best of which might be mentioned "Time to Learn," "As the World Progresses," "Familiar Songs and Ballads," and "A Reward of Faith."

The October issue of **The Bashaba** contained two articles of outstanding interest. The story, "The Unknown Soldier," took first place, and the essay on "Country Life" took third place in the recent **State** contest for short story writing and essays. The staff of **The Bashaba** has a good plan in making definite groups of students responsible for the material of the several issues.

We read the October number of **The Winthrop Journal** with much interest. It shows every evidence of being a well-balanced magazine. Of especial interest are the two stories, "Dreams and Realities,"

and "Bridges to Happiness." "Paths in Arcady" and "On Being Commonplace" are also worthy of special mention.

The Wofford Journal contains a number of excellent short stories and essays. A few poems would add greatly to the attractiveness of this publication. The essay on "The Strategic Importance of Constantinople" gives some information that is especially valuable at this particular time. The short story, "Heart of the South," is good. The writer is to be commended for the skillful manner in which he handled the conversational part of the story.

The November issue of **The Furman Echo** is very creditable. All of the articles are well written. The insertion of a few more short stories and not quite so many essays would improve this magazine considerably. The essay on "Brazil: Its Races and People" is both interesting and instructive.

The Concept is again one of the best exchanges that we received. It is well balanced and contains some unusually good articles, among the best of which might be mentioned "The Quest" and "That Impulse."

The Pine Branch, published by The Georgia State Woman's College, is unique in that the November issue is principally devoted to ghosts. It contains a number of good stories and essays concerning ghosts. The best article is "December."

Other exchanges which we have received are as follows: **The Carolinian**, **Pine and Thistle**, **The Technique**, **The Erothesian**, **The Wake Forest Student**, **The Collegian**, and **The Clinton Monthly**.

SUNSET

R. H. SMITH, '25.

The sun sinks slowly from our sight,
And, o'er the western hills
Comes creeping now, the silent night—
The world is growing still.
Thus will it be in our life,
When on earth our task is done;
Then we shall leave this world of strife
As does the setting sun.

IDEALS

LESARCH

If you should pierce this empyrean thru,
And reach the place where all is pure and good;
Where sorrow does not cloud the spotless blue,
The land where all is peace and brotherhood;
If you should find that fairy land of youth and light,
Where love and service, both required are,
Say that I too had dreamed of that fair height,
But could not reach so far.



J. O. PEPPER, '23, Co-operating Editor.

Th' New Way T' Glory

I'se gwine t' glory in er airyplane.
 Hal-halu-a-hallelujah!
 Po' common trash be ridin' on er train.
 Hal-hal-a-hallelujah!
 White folks can hab dey automobiles.
 Ox-ca'hts good ernough fo' cheap tar-heels.
 But w'en I stah'ts fo, de promised lan',
 Gwine step on de gas an' wave mah han'.
 Roa'h thu' de skies to de golden gate,
 Aain't even gwine to hes-i-tate.
 Nothin' gwine block me on dat road,
 Track all cl'ar to mah las' abode.
 Pa'hk mah plane in er fleecy cloud,
 Call fo' mah ha'ph and snow-white shroud.
 St. Peteh gwine say: "Why sho's I live,
 Hallelujah, boy, yo's don' a-riv!"

—Selected.

A funny old man told this to me
 I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
 I went to a ballgame out in the sea
 I saw a jelly fish float up a tree
 I found some gum in a cup of tea
 I stirred my milk with a big brass key
 I opened my door on my bended knee
 I beg your pardon for this, said he
 But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
 'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

—News and Courier.

The reason some heads never get a call to higher
 things is because opportunity never knocks on wood.

—Greenville News.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of a man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

—Wordsworth.

Toast to a Bride-Elect

(By One Whom She Jilted)

Here's to the light that lies in your eyes,
 And lies and lies and lies—
 Here's to your lips, sweet, crimson lips,
 Full of kisses wise!
 Here's to your smile that "vamped" my heart!
 False woman, the deed is done!
 Here's to your hand, so soft and white,
 That a richer man has won!

Here's to your hair, your lovely hair,
 With its radiant henna sheen!
 Here's to your dimples—some of which
 By me will ne'er be seen!
 Here's to the sweet curve of your arms,
 Which another one will feel.
 Here's to your heart, which I, poor knave,
 Did fancy I could steal!

Here's to the melody of your voice,
 That he, alone will hear,
 When you want a ten-spot from him:
 "I love you, I love you, dear!"
 Here's to your future happiness,
 If such a thing can be—
 When May weds December,
 Expecting charity!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Growing Up.

Gee! But I wanted to grow up.
 I wanted to put on longies
 And smoke cigars,
 And be a man
 With a pay-day on Saturday.
 I wanted to grow up
 And have somebody to buy sodas for,
 And take to the circus
 Once in a while.
 We all did, then:
 Pat, who could throw any kid in town,
 And Don, who went to the Advent church,
 And said the world was coming to an end
 In Nineteen-hundred,
 And Brick Top and Eppie and Skin and Spider.

We all wanted to grow up
 And become pirates and millionaires and
 Soldiers and Presidents and
 Owners of candy stores.
 And all the time we were eating home-cooking
 And wearing holes in our pants,
 And talking Hog-Latin
 And doing what two fingers in the air
 Stood for;
 And saving stamps,
 And making things we read about
 In The Boys' World.
 Do you know how to play mumble-de-peg,

And skim rocks,
And tread water,
And skin the cat?
Do you know what a stick on the shoulder stands for
And what "Commggery, wiggery, meggery" means?

Skin is running a wheat farm, now,
Up in North Dakota.
Pat is on the road
Selling something or other.
Brick Top never grew up, quite,
And was making darts for a kid of his own
When I saw him last.

And Spider is yelling his head off
About Socialism and the class struggle
On street corners.

Don was with the Rainbow Division when the
world ended.

Yesterday I heard a little freckle-face
Whistle through his fingers

And tell a feller called Curley

What he was going to do wthen he grew up.

—Binny Koras.

When carefully analyzed luck proves to be one
part chance, three parts industry and six parts
brass.—Greenville News.

A lady told me that the reason women didn't have
good sense was because the Lord made them to mat:
with man.—Rotarian.

PRAYER

LESARCH

When I was homesick and alone,
I prayed the gods in ardent tone,
To send me a girl.
The gods, they smiled and lent an ear,
And then they safely led her here,
To set my heart awirl.
Now I'm tied to home and wife,
Gagged and sentenced all my life.
A fool should never pray.

THE CHRONICLE STAFF.

R. W. Coarsey	Editor-in-Chief
P. M. Garvin	Business Manager
J. L. Nichols	Circulation Manager
J. O. Pepper	Co-operating Editor
S. C. Rice	Literary Editor
C. T. Young,	Exchange Editor
J. L. Weeks,	Joke Editor
M. C. Ellison	Junior Associate Editor
T. L. Vaughan	Junior Associate Editor
L. H. Doar	Assistant Circulation Manager



J. L. WEEKS, '23, Editor.

Stop! Look! Listen!

She is attractive—you stop; you look; and after
you marry her you LISTEN—Boll Weevil.

—o—
"My kid brother was awfully sore at you when
you were calling on me last night."

"Why so? I didn't do anything."

"That's why. He waited at the keyhole all even-
ing for nothing."—Gargoyle.

—o—
She—Clothes don't make the man.

He—No; and it is taking less and less of them to
make a woman.—Pelican.

Personally

Mother of Soph (who is visiting her hopeful)—
"Son, do you know the president of the college?"

'25—"Yes, mother, I know him."

Mother—"Have you ever talked with him?"

'25—"Once."

Mother—"And what did he say to you?"

'25—"Young man, you will have to do better
work or get out."—Boll Weevil.

—o—
Graduation was just over. Twilight descended
upon the campus. "Lover's Haven," a cozy nook
among the age-old trees was occupied.

"I have sought you," he murmured, "for years.
How can I describe the pangs which tore my soul
when at times you seemed to be drifting from me?
I can scarcely believe that now you are mine, that
my yearnings are to be satisfied. I know well that
others have wanted you, and have failed in their
quest. How can my lips say what my soul feels when
I realize that you, the idol of al the classes, are mine
alone? You are the light of my dreams, the goal of
my desire. My heart throbs with unutterable joy
at the prospect of imparting the glad tiding to my
dear old parents."

Silence. Silence broken only by the fervent whis-
per, "A skin you love to touch!" as he passionately
presed to his breast his diploma.—Exchange.

Edward—Do you know Tennyson's poems carry me completely away.

Edith—Really? I'm awfully sorry we haven't a volume in the house.—Technique.

—o—
Mrs. Prof.—Are you quite sure you are true to me?

Mr. Prof.—Why, of course, dear. What an absurd question!"

Mrs. Prof.—Well, then, kindly explain who this Violet Ray is you are always talking about?—Tiger.

—o—
"Where is old Petroleum?"

"Kerosene him last week, but he ain't benzine since."—Boll Weevil.

—o—
Frank—But couldn't you learn to love me, Stella?

Stella—I don't think I could, Frank.

Frank (reaching for his hat)—It is as I feared: you are too old to learn.—Exchange.

—o—
Theatrical Antiquity

Frank—How'd you happen to get a date with that chorus girl?

Furter—Intimate friend of my grandfather when he was in college.—Sun Dial.

—o—
Welcome Relief

"Look 'ere—I asks yer for the last time for that dollar yer owes me."

"Thank 'evins!—that's the end of a silly question."—Blighty (London).

—o—
"Before six cylinder cars came into use, a trotting horse always sounded good to me."

How's that?"

"It always hit on four."—Oregon Orange Owl..

—o—
"I love the country," said the young city man on vacation; "everything smacks of freshness."

"Maybe so, replied the rural maiden, "but freshness gets no smacks here."

—o—
Father—"My boy, you must cut out this drinking—don't you know it shortens your life by exactly one-half?"

Incorrigible—"Well, you see twice as much."—Princeton Tiger.

—o—
"I understand your husband isn't going to contest your suit for divorce."

"No. That's the way he's always been. There never was any fun quarreling with him, because he wouldn't talk back."—Detroit Free Press.

—o—
Hotel Clerk—And do you wish a room and private bath?

Patron—Only kind I care to take.—Cincy News.

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CADET REGIMENT

'Tis better to keep silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.—Exchange.

—o—
Mrs. Newlywed—I'll take this pair of pajamas and charge them, please.

Clerk—Who are they for?

Mrs. Newlywed (hotly)—My husband, of course.
—Technique.

—o—
Man

She lets me kiss her now and then,
And that is nice.
She does the same for other men—
I get advice.

Of course, I kiss a friend or two,
Of maybe three—
A common thing for men to do;
But why should she?

—Exchange.

—o—
At an evening reception
Most anyone knows,
The better the shape
The scarcer the clothes. —Squib.

—o—
The Reason

She—George, you looked awfully foolish when you proposed to me.

He—Well, very likely I was.—London Opinion.

Mildred—What's an optimist.

Evelyn—A guy who cuts a dance with a professor's daughter and then expects to pass the course.
—Exchange.

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Space on handle to imprint trade mark or advertisement.

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THE CHRONICLE



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January, 1923

No. 4

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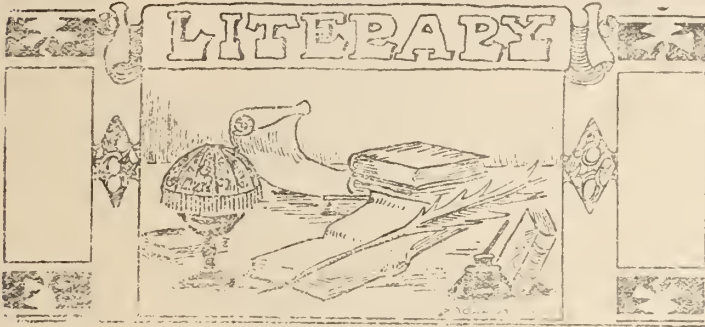


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No. 3

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

S. C. RICE, '23.

M. C. ELLISON, '24

T. L. VAUGHAN, '24

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

E. F. WATKINS, '25

I once had a girl—'twas years ago,
But I well remember the day
That I spoke of my love 'neath the skies above,
In the balmy month of May.

I can picture her now as she sat by my side
And we promised we'd be true,
For she loved me then—how could it have been?
And now I'm so awfully blue.

Blue! Cursed be the day forever and aye,
That saw the telephone made,
For 'twas over the phone in the harshest tone
That our first big row we had.

"True love never runs smoothly,"
Quoted a friend in the hour of distress,
And the river of love continued to move,
But at last it came to a rest.

I still have a feeling deep and divine,
For the girl I loved in years gone by;
And many's the time I have wished she were mine
While a tear has blinded my eye.

I've often wished that we might make up
For I knew I was in the wrong;
But I didn't know how and it's too late now—
I've waited a bit too long.

"Never say die!" Oh, you don't know why;
But I'll tell you as best I can:
I got a little card (yes it does seem hard)
Saying she'd married another man.

Here's wishing you luck, dear girl of my dreams
It will do no good to cry;
But permit me to say to your husband, I pray,
"You're a better man than I!"

JUST ONE LITTLE WOMAN

HUGHEY, '23

"My unbelieving soul broke faith," he whispered to the glowing coals. "I knew no bounds; I forgot all limits. Old Satan smiled as he looked gleefully on—aye, truly, Satan chuckled as he turned to watch his fires. My fellowmen stood aghast; they saw the end. But the awful prize was never won; my soul's mad race was never finished.

"Just one little woman's loving hands reached up and took my weary heart; just one little woman's tender fingers mended my unbelieving soul. Lo, these many years she has watched and prayed—these long years she has been my guide. With her bright eyes, I saw; with her pure heart, I believed. With her faith the pilot, we sailed uncharted seas and traveled unknown lands.

"Full many a year just one little woman placed her small hands in mine and led my erring heart aright. For though she followed, yet she led me—this one little woman. And as long as I am a man, the bright eyes of this one little woman will be my beacon light of hope. I cannot fail with her whisper of faith in my ear; I cannot meet defeat with her trusting hands in mine. Just one little woman's soft voice calls me, bids me look up, and live, and dream, and act. And when I pass to the great beyond, two white arms will greet me there; and there, as here, just one little woman will plead my case."

TRAVEL

R. H. SMITH, '25

'Neath foreign skies I've often roamed,
With carefree attitude,
Forgetful of the place called home,
In some far latitude.

With hunters known to all the world,
I've hunted in the wilds,
And at their mighty deeds I've curled
My lips in scornful smile.

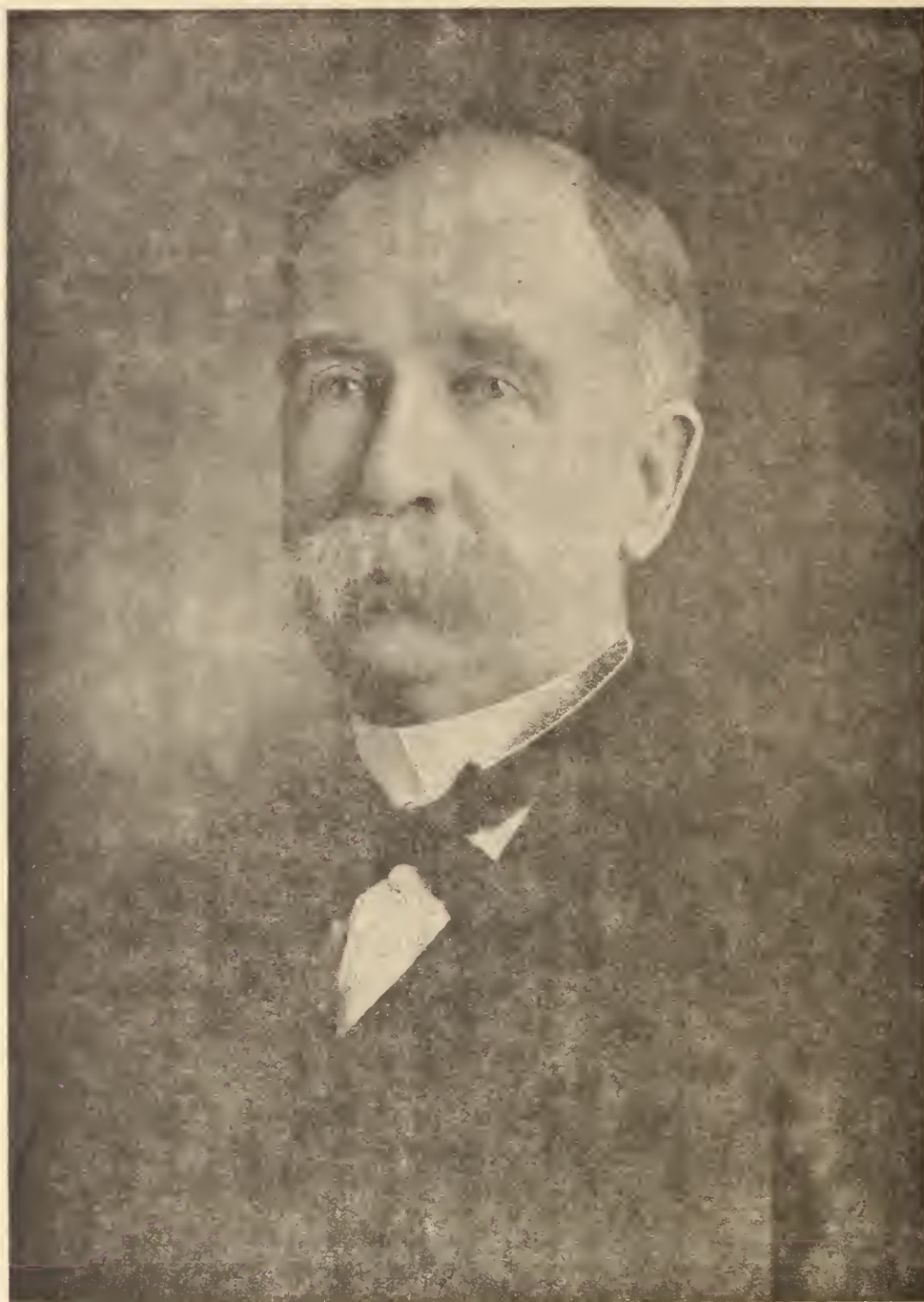
With travellers great, I've roamed around
And seen the fairest sights.
Cities old and quaint old towns,
Were then my chief delight.

'Neath burning skies, on desert sands,
I've ridden many miles,
And in other sunny lands
I've seen the blue skies smile.

These many things of which I speak
Are very easily done.
If, in the proper way, you seek,
You, too, may share the fun.

The way I did all of these things,
Was very simple—look!
I merely read of wanderings
Of characters in a book.

IN MEMORIAM

*Wm. S. Morrison*

"Well, sir! Well, sir!"

Who at Clemson is not familiar with those words? Who has ever attended Clemson that does not know them? And to think we shall never hear them uttered again.

There are few things that can add more prestige to an institution than the possession of a distinguished faculty. In the loss of the professor of History, Clemson has parted with one of her best known and most admired workers. He was one of the most widely acquainted men in the state, and he mingled with the high as well as with the low. Professor

Morrison was one of the few remaining gentlemen of the old school. He gloried in the position of his state and his South, and was constantly hunting up some little story connected with their past history. Another reason that Clemson will miss this useful man is that he has been with the college since its beginning. He came here when the institution was small, and he has seen Clemson grow until it embraces "the state as its campus" and until its attendance has increased from a few hundred to a thousand. He was one of the very few professors that have toiled for this school for so long a time.

Professor Morrison was an authority on history. He especially favored local and state subjects, and perhaps he was the best informed man in the state on these topics. He was persistently stressing the importance of our history and insisted that the cadets should know more of the stories of their home county. It was a delight for him to assist in some memorial exercises in South Carolina, and he has often delivered the principal address. He was an able speaker and his numerous addresses were exceptionally interesting. Clemson frequently looked to Professor Morrison to give the memorial address in May at the Old Stone Church, and for the last two years he has been prominent on the Armistice Day programs. The last occasion at which he spoke during chapel exercises was on the last birthday of General Wade Hampton, when he gave a brief sketch and eulogy of his favorite Carolinian.

Every cadet who has ever stayed at Clemson for the period of one week has certainly heard of Professor Morrison's discipline committee fame. There are always certain tales circulated around every institution that are more or less exaggerated. Usually the teller of these tales knows that they are ungrounded, but still they are related just the same. The discipline committee formerly met in secret session, and Professor Morrison was reported to be the "terrorizing bear" of the session. Students repairing from this supreme court of cadet justice would relate agonizing stories of the different professors present. It was reported that Professor Morrison always read a newspaper and when asked his opinion of the cadet in question, he would invariably reply with, "Ship him! Ship him!" So unless a boy could maneuver on the good side of the head of the History Department, he would wire his mother that he was very sick and would soon be home. In late years, the discipline committee assembles in open session and the student body has found out how false were all of these enamoured reports. They had hoped that they would find Professor Morrison deeply engrossed in "The Spartanburg Herald" so that their stories might be corroborated, but they found him as open-minded and as ready for conviction as any other member of the committee. Professor Morrison sometimes presided at this session, and when he tapped for order and gave the assembled cadets a stare, order was the prevailing element in the hall because he was respected.

There is not a cadet at Clemson who cannot see a mental picture of Professor Morrison as he sat in chapel. His pose was characteristic and his position in his chair never changed. He always came down the middle aisle at twenty minutes after eight. Certain professors are often late and others are occasionally so, but Professor Morrison was **always** there on time. He was never late to this exercise during the memory of the present senior class. He sat on the front row just to the left of the president. Before taking his seat, he always placed his hat and books to the left of the pulpit. He wore a narrow,

black, bow tie with flowing ends and, until last year, his hats were always black with broad brims. He was a typical Southerner in appearance.

Then came his classes. He was ready to give his opinions and he possessed them. He did not "sit on the fence". He was either for or against everything and he was strong in his conviction. He had his likes, Henry Ford being one of them, and his dislikes, John D. Rockefeller being one of them. He taught some of the freshmen history, but it was in his Senior Economics classes that he expressed himself. This professor was the most quoted man in college. Seniors were constantly discussing his remarks. His talks were clearcut and he possessed the power of expressing himself in such striking language. For example, in criticising modern society he said that "too many people are buying automobiles on wheelbarrow salaries." His lectures were so true to life that they created a profound impression. He doted on giving sound advice, and would often talk for an hour at a time on certain of his subjects. Every cadet before graduating, had to pass through Professor Morrison's class-room. Dr. Daniel and Professor Bradley perhaps are the only other professors that can share this distinction with him. And before the term was out, Professor Morrison personally knew all of his students, and these students never forgot him. As he traveled throughout the state, he was always met by enthusiastic alumni and entertained as long as he would remain with them.

Nearly all professors have a nickname. Some of them are very peculiar and certainly, some of them do not sound very dignified. But boys do not apply these names in any sense of disrespect, but rather they are terms of regard and affection. And the name—"Jo Jo"—that salutation is famed at Clemson. He had been dubbed that so long that the present cadets do not know how, where, or when it first commenced, but anyhow Professor Morrison was "Jo Jo" wherever Clemson is known. One of the most frequent occurrences on the campus was to hear a boy talking that "Jo Jo" says so and so.

William Shannon Morrison was born in Winnsboro, South Carolina, on the seventh of April, 1853. His family was subjected to the poverty of the war along with most of our other Southern families. He had a hard time obtaining an education, however, he managed by his determination and his ambition to graduate with honors from Wofford College in 1875. He then taught at the McAbee Academy in Spartanburg county, at Easley, and at Welford. He organized the city school system of Spartanburg and, was invited to Greenville where he founded their present school system. Upon the establishment of Clemson, he was elected to the chair of History and Political Economy, where he remained to the day of his death, December 25, 1922. He is survived by his wife, one son, and four daughters, who are also capable and efficient educators.

For half a century, Professor Morrison has served South Carolina as an educator. He was earnest in

his work, and for nearly thirty years he has served Clemson. He was a credit to Fairfield county and to distinguished laymen of the South Carolina Methodist Church. About the only time that Professor Morrison failed to meet his classes was during the sessions of the conference. He served his church well, and he was constantly seen making addresses at some church or another. He was especially interested in Sunday School work. His literary contributions consist of numerous articles on different topics of local interest.

The corps of cadets is deeply grieved at the loss of its beloved "Jo Jo". They will miss him and they will always remember him. His saying and personality are added to the cherished traditions of our college. Clemson as an institution appreciates his service and shall also miss the familiar figure. He has served his college, his church, and his state well for a long period of time. The Lord has seen fit to cause his service on earth to cease. "The Lord has taken away." He wrapped the drapery of his couch around him and peacefully lay down to pleasant dreams—conscious of duty well performed. He left no great worldly possessions, but instead left monuments of respect of the Clemson men from the class of '96 onwards. His greatest assets were honesty and adherence to high ideals.

William Shannon Morrison.

"The elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to the world, 'This was a man!'"

BOYHOOD

LESARCH

Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour,
When the day's hard tasks are past,
I think of the tender words you spoke,
And the time that has long since past.
I dream of the touch of your tender hand,
The charm of your low-toned voice.
I hear you again as you softly sang,
The notes of your girlish choice.

And now as the shadows stretch and fade,
I turn to my boyhood days,
And view again the country scenes,
That came at the first sun's rays.
You were the hope of my childish dreams,
The center of all my life,
And we were to build a home of love,
With you as my wee child wife.

I wonder if sometimes you may dream
And live again those long past years.
I wonder if you ever think of the boy
So full of hopes and fears.
He sometimes dreams of your life and home,
That reach to the past so far,
Those days that are gone to return no more,
And I thank my stars they are.

A VISION OF PAST AND FUTURE

H. A. WOODLE, '23

"Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that
They shall still succeed;
And still are disappointed."

True indeed are the poet's words. Man dreams, only to have his dreams fade into everlasting night. And again he dreams. He must dream, for his dreams largely compose his life. Without hope, without dreams, man would die—would perish from the face of the earth.

The entire world's progress is measured by that of the individual. Man, the dreamer, is the individual that shakes the foundations of time. It is the dreamer, the man who sees ahead, that is the light which sheds rays into the darkness beyond. The hopes and fears of the earth are bound up in the hearts and minds of man.

Let us open the pages of history, and in fancy let us tread again the paths our forefathers trod. Then let us look with critical eyes on our world of today; and then dip "into the future as far as human eye can see"—that ever-calling future that lies shrouded in mystery.

First, let us catch a glimpse of the past. See the heroic figures of history as they move across the stage in stately pageant. See the color, the light, and the splendor. Steel-clad warriors ride by on prancing steeds; they unfurl a banner to the breeze; a trumpeter raises his trumpet to his lips; the veins in his neck stand out like cords as he sounds a challenge thru his horn. Someone is coming; the people bow down on all sides; a blazing chariot approaches. Here comes a chariot in which rides one with the face of a conquerer. He scarcely glances at the multitude; what need has he to seek their favor? A lieutenant approaches him with a salute: "There are no more worlds to conquer, my Lord. And the face of Alexander the Great is clouded with disappointment as he waves his hand for the procession to move on to the banquet hall. But he goes to his doom! He will never rise from his table of feasting and drinking; his very power has made him weak. Wherein lies his greatness now? He has lost—he has failed. His dreams of conquest sink into the oblivion from which they were called by his haughty, grasping mind. The conqueror of the known world moves on into the great unknown and few mourn his passing. A man among men, truly, he was, but a ruler who longed for power for power's sake and for personal glory. He dreamed, but dreamed unwisely.

Another procession moves forward. The people shout and wave their arms in ecstasy. All eyes are turned as one toward the van of an approaching column of Roman legionary. But soon the shouting ceases. The soldiers bear a body wrapped in a

bloody cloak—bear a body on a bed of spears. The loyal Romans carry their leader, the great Caesar. Even in his death he seems to crave the praise of man. His everleaping ambition was his ruin. Now he has paid the price of misused power—a dozen deadly dagger thrusts had made gaping wounds in his broken body. And now he lies so low, there are none to do him honor as he passes into the beyond from which no traveler returns. The throng moves on, but another comes.

Who is this that comes before us? Behold the haughty brow, the piercing eye, and the determined mien. He looks the soldier, given to command. He is the great captain, the master of men, the fighter without a peer. But see—a sudden change; he is now in chains. Hear them clank as he walks with a guard on either side. 'Tis the once haughty Napoleon, now deserted by his army. His dream of conquest is shattered and he walks in shame. He sought glory and power for selfish ends, and now he has paid the price; and he departs with hanging head. Oh, if he had only used that great intellect for the higher things in life, he would have escaped the ignomy of banishment—a captive in disgrace because his mind was ever captive to overwhelming ambition.

The scene changes. I see men in hunter's garb, with long rifles slung over their shoulders. Then come tattered soldiers—the indomitable American soldiers. Campaigners of '76; men who defied the greatest empire on earth; men who gladly gave their lives in Freedom's cause. See, they approach. They swing into line and salute with their rifles; they stand at attention as if for an inspection. An officer marches down in front of the line of men. He halts and faces the front, bringing his sabre to the salute; that face could never be mistaken. It is George Washington, the ideal of every loyal American's heart. Ah, great American! Little did he dream of the priceless legacy he was to leave his fellow-men. His noble character has been our beacon light since we were able to understand. His example has been our shield in time of trouble; truly his name can never perish, his dreams never fade. He placed his God, his fellow men, and his country first; and he won—his dreams came true. A smile of triumph lights his face. Great Seer, be with us still, for we are weak. See, he raises his hand as if to give a blessing: "God be with you, my children." He smiles, turns and addresses his comrades; and as he places himself at the head of the column, cheer after cheer goes up. And with homage from all, the Father of American Liberty moves on in the ever-changing pageant.

But here come more soldiers—soldiers in blue and in gray. The pity of it; only boys from different parts of our country, and yet they once had clashed in deadly combat in the defense of what they believed to be right. But now they march together,

the Blue and the Gray; they are at peace forever. And their leaders—their leaders draw near. Could we fail to recognize the two men who are advancing? They speak together and clasp hands in a picture of perfect friendship. Lee and Lincoln, as their men, walk in peace at last. They smile, and their smiles are as promises of peace on earth and good will toward all mankind. Lee! we can never forget him and his inspiring example. Lincoln! we are all admirers of his true greatness. And side by side these two cavaliers pass on—pass on but are not forgotten.

For the moment the parade of characters pauses before an assemblage; it would seem that it is a council of war. There are many soldiers and well dressed officers, and still it appears that other officers and soldiers approach. Slowly a misty shape takes form; a horrible face appears. His eyes are hawk-like; his hands are clutching; and his fleeting expressions are glimpses of hate eternal. His crooked finger is pointing at a map. Lo, a map of the world. He beckons to a helmeted lieutenant, and gives him some instructions. What is that? His clawlike hand is placed on the map, and he raises his eyes to heaven: "Got Mitt Uns." Oh, the wretch, we know him. It is the Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. This is that murderer who struck at civilization; this is he who so ruthlessly slew women and children; this is the mortal who made Satan sit uneasy on his throne in the infernal region below. Can he rest with the visions of the misery he has caused rising before him? Can he hope to escape the inevitable hell of remorse that is waiting him? Well may he cringe and cower. He has fallen—fallen so low he sinks into oblivion. His dreams were dreams that could never stand; his ambitions were such as to make the righteous shudder. The day of reckoning will yet find him; he shall pay the penalty. Lo, the vision fades as the ever-moving throng pushes on. The curse of the world disappears even as his power and prestige have already disappeared from the earth. Never again will the Kaiser's lust for power upset the civilized world.

The ever-changing pageant of the characters of history is fading; it disappears. See, a mist forms; thickens, and then takes shape. A multitude packs the streets about a palace—no it is a crowd which throngs the streets about the **White House**. It seems as if the crowds are waiting for some great event.

There is a hush of expectancy. Someone is taking his place on the speakers' stand. The vast crowds uncover as one; there is not a man who does not hold his hat in his hand. Now the speaker faces his immense audience. He is an old man; his hair is white; but he stands erect, and his eyes gleam like points of light as he surveys the people before him. They elected him President of the United States; they tried to right a great wrong; they, his fellow countrymen, set aside all precedents because they loved him. He was their leader at one time

before, and they could not understand. Now they show that they comprehend his true character and ideals that flood the heart of Woodrow Wilson.

Every voice is hushed as this noble character, Woodrow Wilson, lifts his hand; every sound is quieted. All want to hear the first words from the lips of the ideal American. He speaks, and all hang on his every word.

"I am an American. I am proud that I am an American. I am proud of America's past, and I dream of her glorious future that stretches before. Turn the pages of our history; read the records found there. You will find that America is more than a rich and powerful nation; you will find that she is the answer to the dreams of mankind. America, where man is free; America, where the idealist finds his ideals—a great nation, born of an ideal, and builded on ideals. Yes, I am proud that I am called an American.

"You have assembled here today from America's countrysides; you have come here from across the seas; you have gathered to see the unfurling of the Stars and Stripes over a new Republic, and to hear my report of the late session of the League of Nations. I am grateful for the honor you have bestowed upon me by decreeing that it be my hands that loose the cords and allow the Star Spangled Banner to float over an awakened and thankful people. I am also grateful for the great privilege I have in being the first messenger to bring you glad tidings from the League of Nations.

"Now, my fellow countrymen and brothers from across the sea, you see me loose the bands that hold our beloved flag furled. You see the folds fall gently apart and open to the breeze. The flag of humanity, the Stars and Stripes, floats over an awakened nation."

The vast throng stands silent—awed by the grandeur of the sight. Softly at first, then swelling into full expression, the notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" steal out on the air. Every man's hat rests against his heart; every head is turned toward the flag which now floats in all its glory. The music rises and dies; the last echoes fade away in the distance. Again the throng turns and looks at the speaker. There are tears in his eyes. It had been a hard fight, but he had won at last. He speaks, and the crowd attends his every word.

"We now stand under an emblem which is the just use of undisputed national power. We are proud to claim this flag as our own, this flag which is hallowed to the sacred institution of American Liberty. And, my people, this flag shall mean more still; it shall symbolize a nation that is not afraid to lead the way into unknown territory—a nation that makes war a crime punishable by assembled nations. It is with this feeling in my heart that I bring you a message from the lately convened League of Na-

tions. The nations of the world have met in solemn assembly, and have accepted without reserve the ideals of our American Republic as they are embodied in the constitution which I, as your representative, handed them. They have received our nation as the leader, and they are now looking to us for guidance—we must not, we cannot, and **will not** betray their confidence. We are as a light set upon a hill to guide the footsteps of many peoples; we hold the destiny of the world in balance. Truly we hold a seat of honor in the League of Nations. This great conference decided to convene at least once a year, and, mark my words, these nations will not send representatives to Holland or Switzerland; no they trust us—the representatives of the nations of the world will meet in Washington, on our own American soil. Could they place greater faith in us?

"You may well ask: 'What has been accomplished?' And I can answer without reserve. Civilization has made her greatest stride forward; war has at last been outlawed. As murder is a crime, so war has been made a crime punishable by a supreme court of the nations. Russia has been placed on her feet again under the form of a republic—a republic modeled on our own. The Balkan quarrels have been adjusted, and, in short, the League of Nations has at last found a firm basis for world peace. There is no more war. If we can judge the future work of the League by its past accomplishments, then there is nothing—no nothing—which cannot be worked out peacefully by this brotherhood of the nations of the earth. My people, I could tell you more, but mere words are useless. We feel; we understand. A trust has been imposed in us. As keepers of that trust we now dedicate ourselves.

"We, American citizens of the United States and American citizens of the world, do hereby solemnly pledge that our flag shall ever stand for honor, for the freedom of men, for the uplift of the oppressed, for the peace of the soul, and for the ideals on which our civilization is builded. Our flag shall be as a beacon light to the nations of the world; a light which sheds rays of hope into the darkest corners; a light which guides men and lifts men; a light which reflects our American ideals—the hope of the world."

—o—

WRITE TO YOUR MOTHER, MY BOY

EDGAR A. GUEST

Oh write to your mother, my boy, while you can,
Too soon shall you live as a motherless man.
Too shall the letters you'd write be too late,
For mothers not always may anxiously wait.
She is eager today for the word you can write,
Don't wait for tomorrow—but do it tonight.

WOMAN—A SATIRE

ARROWWOOD, '23

"And I learned about women from her." But I wonder, poor Tommy, if you really learned about **women** from her? The chances are that you learned only about **woman** from her; for truly there are as many types of woman as there are women in the world. No two are alike; and if you desirest to enjoy life with the utmost tranquility, then build about your heart a wall through which no womanly wiles may penetrate. You will spend your life in vain pursuit of emptiness if you try always to please woman. Her's is a life of nonchalance; yours, from force of necessity, is a life of work. To be peaceful toward all that is, allow no woman to tarry in your thoughts.

Oh, vain, petty, and pretty things! Why was so much power given you? Why is the greater man ordained to be ruled by the lesser woman? Why do you, O woman, disturb the tranquility of the world? Why do you, by a single look or act, send crashing down empires that greater man has spent ages to build? Why are you never satisfied to let man pursue his course of life in the greatest tranquility? Why, O woman, must men strive, struggle, and endure just to win one of your smiles for his reward? Art thou ever grateful?

Should some genii, good or evil, ask me what power I desired most, I would answer without the least hesitancy: "That power to make man non-susceptible to the wiles and ways of women." Wielding such a power, I would bestow upon man one of the greatest gifts that has ever been awarded thru any power. A man who is non-susceptible to the peculiar ways of woman is the man from whom we may expect the greatest thought. A man who is able to meet womanly scorn with a like amount of scorn is a veritable Gibraltar of manliness.

Your vows, O Most Beauteous, are always traced in the sand, and may easily be effaced if you see fit not to keep them. A vow with you is something to be kept—broken. But how you do rave and cry when another breaks a vow to you! True to type you are always demanding that vows be kept to you while you yourself know not the meaning of keeping your promises. Always demanding, never yielding, seems to be the essence of your code. Your mind is as changeable as the wind, and is often changed by some petty word or deed. A man hopes to catch the wind in a net who sets his faith upon your heart. You are forever flitting here and there, seeking a place wherein you may cause the most unrest. You are only satisfied when you make a tranquil mind a scene of turmoil.

Once you enter a man's heart, his mind becomes like that of the fabled monkey, who was restless, as all monkeys are. As if it were not enough to see him in his natural state of restlessness, some one

made him drink freely of wine so that he became still more restless. | Then a scorpion stung him. What a condition to exist! To complete his misery a demon entered the monkey. Can language describe the uncontrollable restlessness of this monkey? Happy, indeed, is the lot of the monkey as compared with the state of a man's mind once you enter it, O woman.

Incessantly active of its own accord, then it becomes drunk with the desire for you, thus increasing its turbulence twofold. | After desire takes possession, comes the sting of the scorpion of jealousy toward anyone who dares gain your favor; and then—when you deign to smile upon this man, your "catch"—the demon pride takes possession of the mind, making the man think himself of all importance, then if you do not smile upon him, the devil's neglect takes supremacy. How hard it is to control such a mind. And precious little you worry your head as to whether it is controlled or not. You, thru your fickleness, always deem yourself above reproach.

But after all, O woman, without you to love, man could not live, for—"Woman is the fairest work of the great Author. The edition is large and no man should be without one."

—o—
THE COYBOY'S WISH

M. B. BRISSIE, '24

"Oh! bury me here on the Prairie lone,
In the land I've often trod;
In a grave unmarked by board or stone;
Just smoothly covered with green grass sod.

"Take me not from the land that I love,
Though others may think it quite unwise;
But leave my body in this lonely spot,
While my soul takes its flight to the skies."

These words were spoken by a dying youth,
Whose timely race was almost run,
For this marked the end of a perfect day,
And the setting of his young life's sun.

"Just bury me here all alone," he asked,
"In this spot where there is nothing but room;
Where the raging beasts shall howl o'er me,
And the wild cactus shall grow and bloom."

"It has been my home for all these years,
Where I have watched the sunset glow.
I have learned to love the coyote's voice,
And to cherish the soft breezes that blow.

"Leave no rock to mark this lonely spot;
Let it stand forever and a day;
And may he who looks upon the place,
Ne'er dream that a cowboy passed out this way.

"It matters not where the body is placed,
When from it the soul has gone;
But grant to me this dying wish,
And bury me here on the Prairie lone."

BOOKS

R. H. SMITH, '25

Books are constant. A man may be an outcast or an emperor, and still have books as his companions. When we are christened it is with words which come from a book; when we are borne to our last resting place we are lowered into the earth to the accompanying words from the Bible. Thus through our entire lives we may have books as our companions—companions which enrich our lives and broaden our mental perspective, and which after long association, become dearer instead of causing us to tire of them, as sometimes do our human companions. In poverty, sickness and misfortune, or in wealth, health and contentment, books stay with us. Books are constant.

Far back in the past, our ancestors knew nothing of language. Through long years of barbaric ignorance, the desire to communicate with their fellows grew into such an urge that gradually men learned how to express the thoughts of their minds, first by signs and grunts, then by symbols and sounds that slowly but surely grew into a language.

It was at first very primitive of course, but as the years passed on, the language grew in importance, and soon the fore-runners of the present language were being used. As the language grew, so did the people. Had it not been for language, people would probably never have formed the tribes which constituted the first marks of civilization. So, to language, we can trace all progress. And books in some form, have been in existence ever since the first organized language.

We can not over-estimate the importance of books in our lives today. We are ruled by laws which are recorded in books; our religion is based on the great truths which are found in the Bible; our most important connections with ancient times are the books that were left. The perpetuation of our sciences is dependent on books in which their laws are written; and in general, we can not dispense with books. We go to books for pleasure; we search them for information; we study them for the purpose of making our lives fuller, and we use books in so very many ways that we wonder how our ancestors got along with so few books. Books contain a priceless treasure for those who possess the key to unlock their storehouse of wealth.

When the printing press was first invented there were very few books, and there was some excuse for the man who had not read much. Today with libraries and book stores scattered all over the nation, there is no excuse, except blindness, for man's not having read enough to speak intelligently of the great master writers. In spite of this abundance there are few men who have read one-tenth as much as they should. Such a condition should not exist

among people who live in a country which is so far-famed for its progressiveness. A man can go through life without reading, but it is much the same as going through life with only one arm. Bacon said, "Reading maketh a full man." It does.

MOTHER DEAR

R. H. SMITH, '25.

Mother dear, I did not know
That I could ever love one so;
And love like mine will ne'er grow old
For 'tis as pure as purest gold.

You are the one who lights my way
With love and kindness every day.
Never failing is your love,
Like unto that of One above.

No matter where on earth I be,
Your smiling face I'll ever see;
For you've graced me with such a smile
As makes this life seem worth the while.

Thine is a life of love and prayer,
And this it is that makes you dear
To every one who knows your name—
Who could ask for greater fame?

Down through all the countless ages,
Praised and honored by the sages,
Has come thy name, Mother dear,
To fill the world with love and cheer.

So, this I hold, and always will,
'Til death at last has made me still,—
There can never be another
To take the place of dearest Mother.

"DAD"

R. H. SMITH, '25

There has been said, and printed too,
A great deal about our Mother;
And, every word was well-deserved
But—there is another.

He is the one who's paved my way,
And taught me by example,
To play the game and play it square,
And not another's feelings trample.

And, when it comes to telling me
Just what is right or wrong,
Believe me, fellows, he is there
With strength enough to make me strong.

There is no other like him
In the whole world, to be had.
Every one must surely know
That this is none but Dad.

ONCE WEST ALWAYS WEST

M. C. ELLISON, '24

Terry McCoy gazed gloomily out of the Pullman window as the train raced towards the setting sun. Civil engineering had been Terry's college course and, after his graduation, his life's work. Dissatisfaction with his work had started from the first day and for two years he worked listlessly for the same construction company. The fact that Terry was still young, and a little over-trained in midnight cabarets and dancing, probably added to the remorseful look upon his face. Just to think that he, a young man much given to pleasure, is being snatched away from the things that he has always enjoyed, and is sent to a far off western town where he will probably die for the lack of pleasure.

Disgusted with his efforts to read, Terry tossed his magazine on the seat opposite and turning to his partner said, "Joe, boy, how in the world shall we ever live thru six months of these rugged hills with no decent place to eat or sleep?"

"To be frank with you, Terry, I'll be glad when we traverse the remaining fifty miles. I am keen to try my luck out in the field, and besides I'm tired of that stuffy office. Still, as you say, we'll have to be deprived of a few of our pleasures and fancies, but I rather look forward to the experience," said Joe Patton, a likeable young fellow sharing Terry's seat.

The tiny western town was all astir as the crew of engineers stepped from the Pullman and walked the few hundred yards to the only hotel in the village. The citizens of Crest had looked forward for many days to the coming of the engineers who would build a dam across the mouth of Thunder Bolt Gorge. This engineering project would store up water to use in cultivating the lands during long droughts. The plan had failed once before because of the narrow-minded people who refused to lend their support, but this time everyone seemed to be heartily in favor of it.

The only thing that satisfied Terry McCoy in the office back East, was his opportunity to indulge in the frivolities of the city. Terry's father, Hamilton McCoy, was consulting civil engineer, and a self-made man. His enthusiasm over his work caused him to neglect his boy to a certain extent. Terry's father had expected great things of him, always telling him that he, too, must become a great civil engineer. Terry went thru his entire college course before he realized that he had made a serious mistake in heeding his over-enthusiastic father. He tried in every way, for the sake of his father, to learn to like his work, but he could never bring himself to it. His nature allowed him to become listless and indifferent, drifting along in this little office job with never a chance to rise.

It was Hamilton McCoy who, seeing that Terry

was a miserable failure in the office, proposed the western trip. The influence of the city, and especially the companions with whom he associated, would soon have sealed his doom.

The engineering party was unable to begin work until its equipment arrived, and we find Terry and Joe leisurely taking a stroll over the village on the morning after their arrival. Joe was walking with his shoulders thrown back and the light of expectation in his eyes; while Terry's shoulders were drooped and he had a disgusted expression on his face.

"You know, Terry, I've always had a notion that Western towns were rather tough places where half-breeds and cow-boys loafed around, but I've about changed my mind now. With the exception of those huge mountains in the distance, I can almost imagine that I am back East in my own home town," spoke Joe.

"You can quit that stuff, for all that I can see is a dirty little town with no place to go but the school house or the church, and I don't particularly care to go to either," said Terry in his usual disgusted manner.

"By the way, Terry, did you write to Rose this morning, or have you already forgotten the adorable one back East?" teased Joe.

"You are beginning to talk with sense, but I am afraid that you are bringing up the wrong subject. I surely did write to Rose, but I'll never go six months without seeing her. But oh! let me see; why, I've neglected to mail her letter along with those others. Suppose we go back by the Post Office and mail it," said Terry, taking the small envelope from his pocket and carefully carrying it in his hand.

As Terry and Joe strode into the quaint old Post Office they came face to face with a most striking young woman attired in riding habit. The girl hardly glanced at the two strangers as she mounted a restless steed and gracefully rode away. Grasping his friend by the sleeve Joe said, "That was the most stunning woman I have seen in many days. Take it from me, those cheeks weren't smeared with war paint. They were tinted with the same brush that tints the petals of the rose. You'll notice, too, that that riding habit was a little worn and not especially stylish either. Believe me, I didn't come West to starve for good-looking women—they are here too."

"Gee, Joe, I didn't know that you could rave so. You must not let such as that up-set you; and as for me, I believe in only one woman, just now, and here goes my best to her," said Terry dropping the letter into the box.

On the following day the equipment arrived and things began to hum as preparation started for the huge engineering job. The site of the dam was about a mile and a half from town, enabling the crew to spend their leisure hours in town.

Terry was called into the superintendent's office on the first night after the work started. Terry spoke to Mr. Little, the superintendent and took the seat offered. Turning so as to face Terry, Mr. Little said: "Young fellow, I have a few words to say to you and I want you to heed them, for I've thought over this for quite a little bit, and I am in earnest in everything that I say. I was a rookie in this work under your father, Hamilton McCoy, and anything that I can do for him or his, I'll be only too glad to do. I've never risen any higher than a super's job, but I'll lay that to the fact that I did not have the proper schooling. You have had every opportunity to make good, but you seem to be a little indifferent. I'll say that I'm willing to give you one more chance, but you must promise to work and study young man."

Arising, Little grasped Terry's hand with a man's grip, saying, "Remember what I said about work, for loafers, idlers, and quitters will never survive this job—that's all!"

Terry McCoy walked out of the little improvised office, gritting his teeth, and fiercely swearing that he would make one last supreme effort to become an engineer after his own father's heart.

Terry had not mentioned it to Joe that he could not get his mind off the dashing young woman that they had seen at the post office on their first stroll over the village. Twice since then he had been fortunate enough to exchange smiles with the young lady, but each time they were of the inquisitive order. Terry now found his mind continuously attempting to compare this flower of the hills with the painted lily back home; but the comparison always ended the same way. He found that the girl back East fell short. Terry racked his brain for a plan whereby he could meet the young woman without acting fresh.

As work progressed on the dam, Terry could not help feeling that he was falling short and was not doing the work that one in his position should do. He quit work one afternoon rather early and slowly wandered off from camp. He weighed this life against the other and found that the former life was lacking in reality and true happiness, while this plain and simple life was real, pointing towards true happiness, if a man were working with his life's ambition. The azure skies and the bracing winds of the west had instilled in Terry a greater regard for Nature. He had become a part of the machinery that served to guide and direct the forces of Nature, to benefit the farmer and rancher. However, he was unhappy. It had been his ambition to take an agricultural course and become a scientific farmer, but his father insisted that he should be, like himself, a civil engineer. Terry could not but blame his father, at times, for dictating the life work of one whose inclinations led in an entirely opposite direction.

Terry had walked possibly a mile from camp, his

mind deeply engrossed in serious thoughts, when he was suddenly brought to earth by the rapid beat of horse's hoofs. Surprise mingled with horror shone in Terry's eyes as he recognized the runaway animal as the dapple-grey which the flower of the hills, as he now called her, usually rode. He ran as fast as his legs would permit to a huddled-up heap, lying on the ground some few hundred yards from where he first saw the runaway. Kneeling beside the fallen form, Terry gently turned the body over on its side, and saw that a bad cut just above the left eye was the result of the fall.

To summon aid would require a great deal of time, and the horse had already disappeared over the hill, possibly to return home. Terry had been a college athlete of no mean ability; so it was very easy for him to decide that the best thing to do was to take the young woman to the camp in his arms.

Terry tenderly carried the girl to the camp and lost no time in getting her into Mr. Little's car, seeing that, as yet, she had not regained consciousness. Speed limit was the least of Terry's worries as he drove furiously for the village doctor's office.

"Doctor, how is she? Has she come to yet?" anxiously questioned Terry as the doctor came to the door of his office after examining the girl.

"Don't worry, young fellow, it'll take more than a little cut to get this girl, and I assure you that you'll have the pleasure of taking her home in your car if you'll just wait till I get the bandage completely fixed," calmly said the doctor.

"You bet I'll be glad to drive her home. It is indeed fortunate that she isn't seriously injured."

"Miss Hall, I'll let the same young man take you home that so graciously brought you here. Be sure to return tomorrow to have the wound dressed," proposed the doctor as he partly supported the girl on his arm to the car where Terry anxiously waited.

"Goodbye, doctor; I'll see you in the morning all right," said the girl as she turned for the first time to look upon Terry as he slipped in behind the wheel.

Offering her hand, she said, "I don't know who you are, except that I recognize you as one of the engineers, but I surely thank you for saving me from a great deal of discomfort and suffering. Even if I had regained consciousness soon after getting thrown, it would have been quite a strain, walking back to town."

Shifting the gears into high, Terry turned and beamed upon the girl: "Please don't bother to thank me, for I did only what any man would have done. I just count myself lucky to have been the one to serve you, Miss Hall, and please tell me, are you suffering now?"

"I feel rather weak and have a terrible headache, but otherwise I feel all right. But pray tell me, how did you know my name?" questioned the girl.

"Oh, that was easy. I just eave-dropped and heard

the doctor call you Miss Hall; but that's as far as I know," declared Terry.

"Well, you know more about me than I do about you; I don't even know your name."

"My surname is McCoy and my given name is really Terry—not a nick-name as most people suppose", volunteered Terry as he slowed down the car to make the sharp turn into the long lane leading up to the Hall homestead, an old fashioned ranch house.

"I think that most of us like our own names but that we are a little prone to say otherwise," suggested Terry, helping Miss Hall from the car.

"Mr. McCoy, I want you to come out to see us. We are not such primitive entertainers as you might think. I'll promise you that from now on I'll be more careful with old Dan. This is the first time that he has ever thrown me. I think he was frightened by a huge eagle that swooped down over us," said Miss Hall, turning to go into the house to relieve her mother's anxiety.

"I'll be glad to come Miss Hall, and it won't be my fault if this is the last meeting", declared Terry, preparing to leave.

"I think that Dad is out hunting me now, for I know that he suspected something when Dan came home riderless. If you see him tell him that I'm all right," added Miss Hall from the porch.

Terry's letters to the girl back East had grown fewer and fewer until three weeks after the accident, the correspondence had almost ceased. "Terry, how is our little flower of the hills?" asked Joe, lighting his pipe and leaning back against the bunk house to talk and forget a hard day's work.

"She couldn't be any more charming, and I've come to the conclusion that you were right in your first criticism of her. She is so modest and frank. No one but me knows how badly I was fooled once with painted unreality in the girl that I used to worship. To speak my heart, Joe, I love the West and I am sure that I could never settle down again in the same rut into which I once so easily slid."

"You have changed quite a bit Terry and you may like this, but I am getting a little homesick for the things back home and I'll be glad when our job out here is over."

"I have been contemplating a change in my work, Joe. I can't last much longer in this profession, which I actually despise. There is a great opportunity for scientific farming in this section of the country which will be increased a hundred fold as soon as this job is completed," stated Terry.

"Say, Terry, are you going batty? You are not any wonder in this line of work, but I think that you are above the average. That's a crazy idea of yours. Why, you couldn't make a living on a farm. You don't even know enough about farming to raise an umbrella," laughingly said Joe.

"You can laugh if you wish, but my mind is made

up to quit when this job is finished. Then, I am going to try my luck with something that I really like to do. Ever since I spent two years working with my uncle on his farm in Missouri, I have had a great desire to watch and cause things to grow," earnestly added Terry.

The friendship between Terry and Priscilla had grown warmer and warmer, until Terry admitted to Joe that he really loved their little flower of the hills. Joe didn't object to the love affair but rather envied Terry of his good luck. He could only wonder what the mighty Hamilton McCoy would say about his son becoming a farmer and marrying a mere rancher's daughter. But Priscilla was no ordinary girl, being a college graduate and a wonderfully sweet singer.

Terry had found it easy to confide in Priscilla and never hesitated in telling her his plans and difficulties. It was difficulties and plans but mostly plans that the two were discussing one day as the completion of the engineering project drew near. Priscilla said, "My father came West when he was just eighteen, and he fully intended to return at the end of the first year, but you see he never did. When someone mentions coming West, my father always says, 'Once West, always West' and I believe that it's working true in your case."

Terry drew nearer to Priscilla and said, "That saying may be true, but I believe that a higher power brought me here. Since coming here I have realized that my ambition can yet be accomplished; that I had lived in a tinselled world of flattering, unreal, treacherous people. I've come to earth since I came out here, and Priscilla, I've never expressed it in word before, but I know that you must have known it. I love you," declared Terry.

Terry dreaded to have to ask the good-natured old rancher for his only child. He knew that she was literally worshipped by her father. But, contrary to his expectations, the interview turned out to be very pleasant. After Terry had stuttered out the purpose of the interview, the old man gravely said, "Son, I welcome you into my family, for Priscilla's choice is my choice. So you have decided to stay out here and farm? Well, I reckon I can help you a little on that, as I am getting rather along in years and new hands must soon take the wheel."

At this moment Priscilla came up and slipped Terry's arm around her waist saying, "Go ahead, Dad, I've been eavesdropping long enough; thought I might as well hear it all too," volunteered Priscilla.

"I need a manager for my farm and he'll have plenty to do if that irrigation plan is a success. If you like farming, you'll have plenty of field to expand in all right," suggested the old man.

"Why, Mr. Hall, that's just what I've always longed to be—a real farmer."

"And I've always longed to be a real farmer's wife," sweetly rejoined Priscilla.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



R. W. COARSEY, '23, Editor-in-Chief.

On account of the first semester examinations coming as they did, just about the time the Chronicle was due to come out, this issue is late. The members of the staff have to concentrate on their examinations just as everyone else does. We ask your indulgence in this—one of our unavoidable irregularities. We assure you that our intentions are good, even though, at times, our evidence is poor.

A college is to an Alumnus very much like what home is to one who has wandered afar from the scenes of his childhood. To this wanderer there is always an attraction that draws him back to the haunts of his yesterdays. This family prodigal comes back, and with a spirit of understanding and appreciation which in his youth he never knew, he renews the family ties. He worships at the shrine of old landmarks, each bringing to him through the haze of years, pleasant and sacred memories of happy experiences. And if time has obliterated one of these landmarks, it is this prodigal who feels most keenly the loss. So it is with an alumnus. He returns to his alma mater to renew friendships of his school days and to view with pride each department of the institution which he calls his. But those returning to Clemson in the future are going to miss a familiar land-mark—Professor W. S. Morrison. I say landmark because Professor Morrison was more than a professor of History. He was a part of Clemson. As he was often wont to express it, he came over with the first load of bricks, and from that time up to the time of his death he was actively engaged in teaching, in building for himself a mon-

ument in the impressions he made on those whom he taught—a monument that will outlast marble or stone because it is builded on character. He had so lived, that his going was, indeed,

“Like one who wraps the draperies of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

His chair has been filled, but in the hearts of those whom he taught there is a vacancy which time itself can never fill.

JUST THINK

J. C. AULL, '24.

As you face the problems of everyday life,
Just think for a minute or two,
And try to determine the best you can
The final result of what you may do.

Sometimes you believe you're doing what's right;
But if you think the whole thing through,
You may find some fault that proves without doubt
You were wrong in the conclusion you drew.

If you know a man who is down and out,
Just think what you can do.

By a few kind words of encouragement
You may be able to pull him through.

If somebody says that it can't be done,
Just think with all your might—
“I can do it, I know that I can!”
And usually you'll find that you're right.

Just think! Oh, if everyone would,
A much better world this would be,
For thoughtless words and thoughtless deeds
Would never be known, you see.

THE NEW YEAR

J. C. LEWIS, 1st, '24

With the coming and going of snows,
Comes swiftly the bright New Year,
While silent the cold wind blows
Over the mountains that lie still and bare.

Yet there is something in her eyes
As she peeps from the midst of her nest,
There is nothing to be done wise
But surely the New Year will bring her best.

Life is like a dream in the making,
And the pleasures of it just begun;
How sweetly they'll be longing
As the great globe turns to the sun.

The old year has gone with its sorrow,
While the New Year brings a cheer;
And the summer from winter shall borrow
The things which nature has brought here.

Listen to the New Year's voice
Tell of the gifts in my hand that lie—
O student of Clemson, rejoice
At the beauty no wealth can buy.

MIDNIGHT IN THE PANTRY

R. M. EDWARDS, '26

You can boast your round of pleasures, praise the
 sound of popping corks,
 Where the orchestra is playing to the rattle of
 knives and forks;
 And your after opera dinner, you may think superb-
 ly fine,
 But that can't compare, I'm certain, to the joy
 that's always mine,
 When I reach my little dwelling—source of all sin-
 cere delight—
 And prowl around the pantry in the waning hours
 of night.

When my business or my pleasure has detained me
 until late,
 And its midnight, or say after, when I reach my own
 estate,
 Though I'm weary with my toilings, I don't hustle
 up to bed,
 For the inner man is hungry and he's anxious to be
 fed;
 Then I feel a thrill of glory from my head down to
 my feet,
 As I prowl around the pantry after something good
 to eat.

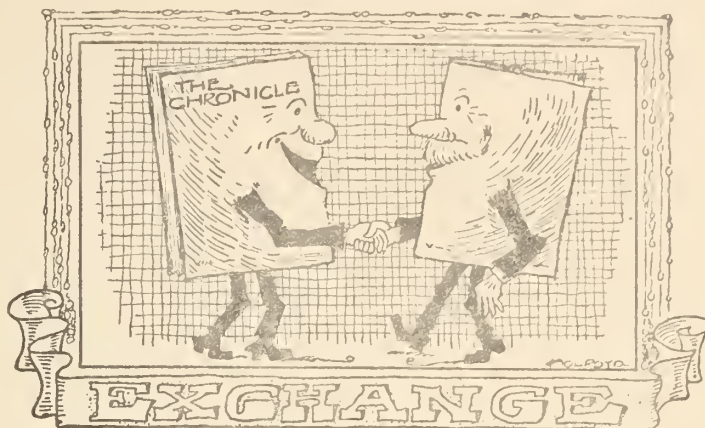
Oft I hear a call come to me, "Goodness, boy go to
 bed!"
 And I know that I've disturbed someone by my over-
 eager tread,
 But I've found some fruit cake and some fruit and a
 little wine too,
 And a bit of other eats; so I answer, "When I'm
 through."
 Oh, there is no messhall or cafe that better serves
 my appetite,
 Than the pantry in our kitchen when I get home
 late at night.

You may boast your shining silver and the linen and
 the flowers,
 And the music and the laughter and lights that hang
 in showers;
 You may have the banquet table with its brilliant
 array,
 But it doesn't charm yours truly, when I'm on my
 homeward way;
 For a greater joy awaits me, as I hunger for a bite—
 Just the joy of pantry-prowling in the middle of the
 night.

—o—

"My mother made me what I am," said the politi-
 cal speaker as he proudly threw out his chest.

"Well," said a man in the rear of the hall, "she
 must have put in the most of her time at other
 things."—Selected.



EDITORS:

EDITOR, C. T. YOUNG, '23. ASST. EDITOR, J. C. AULL, '24

We received a smaller number of exchanges this month than usual. Some of the November publica-
 tions reached us too late for the exchange editor to
 comment on them in the December issue of *The
 Chronicle*, so we shall do so in this issue.

We assure the exchange departments of the col-
 lege publications with whom we have had the pleas-
 ure of exchanging for the past three months that it
 will give us much pleasure to continue to do so for
 the remainder of the session. Let us start the new
 year right by making the exchange departments of
 even more value to our publications by giving help-
 ful advice that will be instrumental in removing
 some of the faults that often "creep in."

The exchange editor of one of the publications
 made the criticism that our paper did not measure
 up to a standard such as a college having as many
 students as we have, ought to maintain. It is no se-
 cret that it is very hard to persuade the students of
 any A. & M. college—and I may add, of a number
 of literary schools, judging from the size and qual-
 ity of the publications—to write anything for the
 literary paper of their school.

If the exchange editor who made the criticism,
 would suggest a plan to improve such a state of
 affairs, we should do our best to profit by the sugges-
 tion.

The December number of *The Emory Phoenix* is
 one of the best exchanges that we have received.
 The poem "His Promise" expresses better than al-
 most any other poem we have seen lately, the de-
 scription of Christmas season. The author's ability
 to harmonize the description in such poetic form,
 and the description of the blending of the elements
 to honor the Master's Christmas gift, namely the
 rest from earthly cares, is commendable. Mr. El-
 liott Chatham's letter to the law students was also
 read with particular interest. It is not only true of
 law, but also of every other profession, that success
 usually is with the person who prepares himself for
 emergencies before the test. The play "The Fliv-

ered Debt" has an unusually good plot, though the author could have made the play more humorous by "working up" the humorous scenes, and giving more space to them and to what transpired. The whole play is developed in a most commendable way, however. This magazine also contains a number of stories, essays and poems, which gives the needed variety, a prerequisite to a well-balanced magazine.

The November issue of **The Wake Forest Student** does not measure up to **The Emory Phoenix** in size and quality, though it does rank as one of the best exchanges that we have received. The story, "The Winds of Influence", seems to be the best article in this publication, though the story "Feminine Psychology", which suggests a lesson of value to all of its readers, and the poems coming under the head of "Miscellaneous Fragments" nearly equal in quality the story first mentioned. The author of the story "The Winds of Influence", makes his story particularly attractive by the vivid description, by the use of picture words, and a masterly development of the plot.

The Christmas issue of **The Concept** also ranks as one of the best publications that we have received this month. One of the most noticeable features of the last month's issue of this magazine is the variety—story, poem, sketch, and plays, being represented in this issue. The sketch, "The Second Battle of King's Mountain, deserves special mention. Human nature is strikingly portrayed, and a vivid description is given of how a "small-town" feud disturbs the peace of the inhabitants. The trouble growing out of the base ball game is made to fill its niche in the plot admirably, making the reader look for further trouble with the ball players, and thereby keeping the interest up to a high pitch. The story "A Connecticut Santa Claus", was also well written. The author describes in a most effective way the disappointment of the young lady who is so far from home and who can not go home for Christmas. She then describes most entertainingly the Christmas of a typical family of South Carolinians, of the pranks of the children, of the entertainment provided for them, and other family scenes. Then the reader is unexpectedly introduced to the "hero" of the story—and the viewpoint changes suddenly—with the teaching profession subsequently losing the services of a charming young lady. The author is to be commended for developing a plot which can hold the reader's interest so well.

The December issue of **The Carolinian** is much better than the last issue of that magazine. The stories, essays, and poems all show a decided improvement in quality over those of last month. The department editors did their duty well in connection with this particular issue. We think that short stories in college magazines catch and hold the eye of the average reader better than the long story, for it is rarely the case that an amateur can develop a

long story so well as he can a short story. The story "The Rose of the Kangaroo" is well written, and shows the author's careful development of the plot in the first installment. The essay, "Poetry of the American Revolution," was read with much interest. The careful classification of the poetry as regards its relation to the plan of the essay, that the author quoted from the work of our greatest poets, and that has made the fame of American patriots immortal, deserves special mention. We know of no better way to bring to the attention of students something to remind them of the patriotism of our forefathers.

The January issue of **The Winthrop Journal** is one of the best exchanges that we have received lately. The first poem, "The Loiterer", though short, is expressive of many serious thoughts—life, youth, middle age, old age—gone before one can realize that fleeting time has betrayed the joy-maker and shallow thinker, that opportunity no longer knocks at the door; and that the pleasure of doing something that will last, for which the world will remember you, is no more. One rarely has the pleasure of reading an essay, such as "The Imagist", that contains so much information of an instructive and helpful nature. We have concluded that the author who criticized the work of these great poets in such a masterly way, must certainly have studied her literature carefully. The mission of the imagist school, whose authors are often prone to be rather extreme in their views, is given due credit for its work by the author of this article and the good that this school of poets has done is described in an attractive manner.

The December issue of **The Bashaba** does not measure up to the standard that the staff of that magazine set for itself the first part of the year. Probably the best article in this issue is "The History of Hartsville" which was developed effectively and in highly commendable manner. The slow, steady, development of this town as vividly depicted by the author portrays the development of many average towns located in good agricultural districts. This article was read with particular pleasure by those members of the staff who are from that part of the state. We would say, in conclusion that enough praise was not given to Major Coker, who has done so much to make the town what it is, in contrast to the amount of praise that was given by the author to the founder of the town. The author of the story, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them", who vividly describes the pain concurrent with separation, and who also weaves with the plot of her story the human interest element in a masterly manner is also to be commended.

We also wish to acknowledge receipt of the following publications: **The Cerberus**, **The Orion**, **The Technique**, **The Blue and Gray**, **The Georgia Cracker**, **The Nautilus** and **The Pebble**.



J. O. PEPPER, '23, Co-operating Editor.

Of one thing we may rest assured: The boys and young men who are going to hold the big responsible positions in the business world a few years hence are not now hanging around pool rooms—Greenville News.

If while at college a student does not learn how to think, all else he learns is of little value.

The Man Who Gets Promoted

The ordinary fellow does an ordinary task,
He's mighty fond of "good enough" and lets it go at that;

But the chap who gets promoted, or the raise he doesn't ask,

Has just a little something more than hair beneath his hat.

The ordinary fellow lives an ordinary day,
With the ordinary fellow he is anious to be quit;
But the chap who draws attention, and the larger weekly pay,

Has a vision for the future and is working hard for it.

He tackles what he has to do with the will to see it through,

He does a little thinking of the work that comes to hand;

His eyes are always open for the more that he can do,

Youp never find him idle, merely waiting a command.

The ordinary fellow does precisely as he's told
But some one has to tell him what to do, and how, and when,

But the chap who gets promoted fills the job he has to hold

With just a little something more than ordinary men.
—Greenville News.

A diamond on her hand indicates that she is engaged. Corns on her hand indicates that she is married.

Every man thinks he is the proper one to stand around and boss the job.—Greenville News.

When you hear a man boast, "I say just what I think"—put it down that he does not think—Selected.

A college education is supposed to fit you for a position—not entitle you to one.

The fault we see in others would seem small to us if we but could see our own.—Selected.

Mr. Meant-to has a comrade
And his name is Didn't do;
Have you ever chanced to meet him?
Did they ever call on you?
These two fellows work together
In the house of never-win,
And I'm told its haunted—haunted
By the ghost of Might-have-been.

Figure It Out.

I married a widow who had a grown-up step-daughter. My father came to see me, of course, and being a widower, he fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. My father therefore, became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother because she had married my father. In due time my wife had a son, who was, of course, my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife, who was my step-daughter, remember, also had a son, who was my brother, and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. Now my wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was, therefore, my wife's husband and grandchild, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather—Greenville News.

You can't buy respect and confidence with profanity and vulgarity.—Rotarian.

Nothing is improved by anger except the arch of a cat's back.—Selected.

You are not dressed for work until you put on a smile.—News and Courier.

A real friend is he who reminds you of your faults, while your worst enemy is the man who tells you only those things that please, and makes a fool of you.—Rotarian.



J. L. WEEKS, '23, Editor.

Ruth—"What did Wilbur do when Agnes wouldn't kiss him out on the lake last night?"

Florence—"He paddled her back."

Ruth—"The rough thing."—Charlotte Observer.

"Ho, hum! There's nothing new under the sun."

"No, and there's also a lot of old stuff pulled off under a full moon."—Jester.

"What is a boob?"

"A boob is a man who kisses a girl fifteen minutes after he meets her and believes her when she tells him that she has never been kissed before."—Eri-vol.

Mr. Gunn: "Last evening, sir, I distinctly saw my daughter sitting on your lap; what explanation have you to offer?"

Noble Bray: "I got here early, sir, before the others."—The Teaser.

The wild wind blows on filmy hose
And unprotected necks;
Yet ladies fair who brave the air
Are called the weaker sex!

—Charlotte Observer.

Teacher to little Swede pupil: "What is your name?"

"Yonnie Oleson," was the reply.

"How old are you, Johnnie?"

"I don't know," he replied.

"Where were you born?"

"I wasn't born, I have a step-mother."—Ex.

They say a cat has nine lives, but a frog croaks every night.—Record.

"Why can't I marry your youngest daughter?"

"The eldest must not forfeit her seniority rights."—Judge.

Judge: "Who brought you here?"

Drunk:: "Two policemen."

Judge: "Drunk, I suppose?"

Drunk: "Yes, sir, both of them."—Virginia Reel.

"That's a magnificent diamond you are sporting; I don't see how you can afford it?"

"Well, it's a monument. You see, my grandfather died and left \$1,000 by will with direction for me to buy a stone with it. This is the stone."—Boll Weevil.

Duplicity

"My husband is a deceitful wretch."

"What makes you think that?"

"Last night he pretended to believe me when he knew I was lying to him."—Boston Transcript.

Lady: "Have you a nice, creepy book?"

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am. Are you a bookworm.?"
Jester.

The Conductor's Ode

Uneasy lies the hat which contains no hat check.
—Boll Weevil.

Sign in front of a tobacco factory: "Wanted, a girl to strip."—Boll Weevil.

The Height of Affluence

She: "Why don't you come oftener? You have been here only once this month."

He: "You have to take your turn."—Boll Weevil.

"This is the fifth time you have been brought up before me," said the judge severely.

"Yes, your Honor," smiled the offender, "when I likes a fellow I generally gives him all me business.—Exchange.

Lovely night,
Crescent moon;
Situation
Opportune;
Ruby lips,
Slight mustache,
Combination
In a flash;
Maiden speaks
When'er she can,
Softly whispers—
"Naughty man."

Hesitates—

Whispers then

"Be a naughty man again."

—Boll Weevil.

A Practical Reminder for Everyday Farmers

You know your farm like a book. Whether it covers 80 acres or 320 acres, you are perfectly familiar with every corner of every field. You know the lay and contents of the buildings that make up your homestead. With your eyes shut you can tally the livestock and all the items of farm equipment. To be well posted on these things is a matter of pride with you and a matter of careful management besides.

This policy could well be carried a step further. Profitable, economical farming is so largely a matter of modern, improved machines that every good farmer should keep posted also on the equipment on the market so that when occasion arises he may invest to the very best advantage by the purchase of new machines.

We are therefore printing here for your information the list of standard, reliable, most popular farm equipment—

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Headers	Huskers and Shredders	One-Horse Cultivators
Push Binders	Huskers and Silo Fillers	Culti-Packers
Mowers	Beet Seeders	Kerosene Engines
Hay Rakes	Beet Cultivators	Tractors
Tedders	Beet Pullers	Motor Trucks
Hay Loaders	Cotton Planters	Cream Separators
Side-Delivery Rakes	Grain Drills	Manure Spreaders
Sweep Rakes and Stackers	Lime Sowers	Stalk Cutters
Combined Side Rake and Tedder	Broadcast Seeders	Fced Grinders
Baling Presses	Tractor Plows	Stone Burr Mills
Corn Planters	Walking Plows	Cane Mills
Listers	Riding Plows	Potato Diggers
Corn Cultivators	Disk Harrows	Wagons
Corn Binders		Twine

This equipment is always available for you at the store of the McCormick-Deering dealer. In the list are many items for farming in winter—such as engines, various belt power machines, cream separators, motor trucks, etc. Make the McCormick-Deering dealer's store your headquarters. Use the service for which his establishment is famous. Write us direct for information on any of the above machines.

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enough Royster fertilizer, cultivate often, gather damaged squares, poison with calcium arsenate and destroy stalks early. Do these simple things and any good farmer can grow cotton despite the weevil.

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Learn to use fertilizer in ways to earn the most money from it. Fertilizer differs in quality just as seed. To save \$1 a ton, don't risk your time, labor and money put on a crop by using fertilizer of doubtful reliability. Royster formulas contain only material which has been chosen because of its special value to that particular crop, scientifically tested for its quality and compounded skillfully in the proportions experience has proven right. Every bag of genuine Royster fertilizer has the F. S. R. trademark plainly stamped on the back.

Experiment station tests prove the profit in using the right quantity of fertilizer. You wouldn't sow a handful of wheat to the acre. Don't skimp the fertilizer. On cotton, use at least 600 pounds and if possible 1,000 pounds to the acre.

For advice or assistance, write the Farm Service Department, F. S. Royster Guano Co.

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DOCTOR'S BANDAGE CUTTER: The only knife that will cut cloth.

CIGAR CLIPPER, INK ERASER, CORN CUTTER AND KEY RING KNIFE.

Space on handle to imprint trade mark or advertisement.

We all know how many different kinds of knives have been on the market, which were simply made to sell, but none to do the work that a real knife should. The people have bought every one of them, and after using them they soon become dull and 90 percent of the knives carried today are dull are nothing but an inconvenience.

Now we have the "Razornife," a knife that is made of the best known steel, a blade that is really sharp. A knife that is refillable, an avenue for the discarded razor blades. Fifty million dollars' worth of blades are bought every year. What is done with them? Most of them are thrown away. Here is the most wonderful use that they can be put to. The "Razornife" is the answer. Patent was awarded on April 26th, 1921. It is a wonderful NEW article.

It is a univarsay knife, a knife that will hold any single edge razor blade. The old blade is easily removed and a new one inserted. No knife, no matter how expensive, will cut like the "Razornife." The razor blade is going to be used for a knife, and the "Razornife" is the proper place to hold it. We have many hundreds of testimonials. We hear from all over the world, and are selling these knives all over the world. The "Razornife" will soon be as popular on the key ring as the Yale key is now. It is flat as a key and does not take up any more room. It is the greatest advance along the knife line for a century. A renewable knife. You all know about the Refillable Fuse, the Eversharp Pencil. Every one is using them now. Why? It is the fuse that burns out and the lead that wears off, not the holder; likewise it is the blade that gets dull and wears off, not the holder.

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EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING, With "Tiger"
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THE CHRONICLE



Volume XXI.

March, 1923

No. 6

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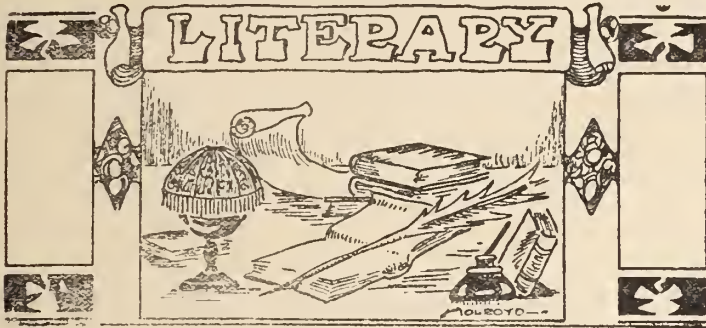


The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXI

Clemson College, March, 1923

No. 6

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

S. C. RICE, '23.

M. C. ELLISON, '24

T. L. VAUGHAN, '24

A TRUE PREVARICATION, OR FROM CLEMSON TO CHARLESTON BY CANOE

G. D. GRICE, '23

Forced by circumstances to spend much time out of barracks and hence along the winding banks of the Seneca, back in the days of '18, three "rats" who were born and reared in "God's Country", of no hills and salt water, conceived the idea of a trip from the "West Point on the Seneca", to the "City by the Sea."

Accordingly, on June 17, 1919, when the seniors were made alumni and the "rats" were forced to eat their meals off the mantelpiece, these three freshmen as the silent twilight was falling launched their canoe in the murmuring waters of the Seneca, as did the Indians of old. But their canoe was a sixteen-foot, canvassed-covered, instead of the swift birch-bark canoe of Indian lore. The tugging of the stream, a long sweep of the paddles, and a good-bye was waved to Major Martin, who had kindly helped us off, and set us on our four hundred-mile journey.

Down the Seneca to Portman Shoals where a portage had to be made around Portman Shoals dam. Then on again until the Seneca joined the Tulagoo to form the head-waters of the Savannah. The natives had very little idea of distance. Camp was usually struck at daybreak, and after a "flap-jack" breakfast, we would push out down the stream. Just after starting we would question a negro who happened along the bank: "Jack, how far is it to "Ring-jaw Shoals?" "Great Gawd, boss, dat done be forty miles!" Then we would travel a couple of hours, and likewise question another "coon." "Boss, Ring-jaw? Dat am forty miles down stream."

Again we would paddle until some time past noon, and ask a third darkey, "Jack, how far is it to Ring-jaw Shoals?" "Ring-jaw, Cap'n? Dat am at least forty mile down the riber." "Well, fellows, thank the Lord we are holding our own, anyhow, said one of the trio.

Finally, we came thru the rapids and shoals and struck the smooth, back waters of Gregg Dam, and the next day brought us to the dam itself. The keepers of the locks kicked like a steer against opening the locks for a two by four craft such as we were in, but we insisted and told him that "A woman is only a woman, and a good cigar is a smoke," but a canoe was also a boat. He finally consented, and we proudly wended our way thru the huge locks, huge in proportion to our sixteen-foot canoe, and down the river to Augusta.

From Clemson to Augusta, ideal camping sites were available. Green rolling, pastures on both the Georgia and Carolina banks made excellent camping sites.

We slept in a real bed in an Augusta hotel, and awoke the next day to gaze upon a drizzly rain. The day following was clear, so we decided to continue our trip. On arriving at the Augusta-Hamburg bridge we were informed that the river had risen several feet above flood stage and that to continue would be dangerous. We held a "council of war" and decided to continue, high waters or not. We "jumped off" and in contrast to the river above Augusta, the stream was now devoid of rocks and shoals, and altho smooth, was high and running swiftly, carrying huge trees and other debris in the current. Below Augusta we had to be more careful in planning our day's journey, for if night fell and found us opposite swampy banks to camp on, the old malaria would have stood on his head and pushed. By careful planning and systematic execution of our plans, we were able to camp every night on a high bluff. It was only a four-day's "mush" from Augusta to Savannah, and we spent the nights at Silver Bluff, Cohen Bluff, and Stony Bluff the first three nights out from Augusta. The last night before reaching Savannah, we hung our hats where the Seaboard trestle crosses the Savannah, just about twenty-five miles above the city of Savannah. We slept in a track-walker's shack on the long-leaf yellow, hard pine floor with our coats for pillows. We arrived in Savannah about noon of June 27th, having been on the river for ten days.

The scenery along the Seneca and the Savannah is most picturesque and beautiful. The rivers wind, and turn, and around each turn one comes upon a new picture of nature's untrammelled beauty. Her canopy of different shades of green, broken only by the white thread of the river, with its humming musical voice, weaving a mosaic in and out of the canopy, is "a thing of beauty and joy forever." Any man who can look upon such a scene and not feel

his insignificance or fail to feel the silent touch and presence of the Almighty, is indeed without one of the qualities which go to make a true man.

The hospitality of the few people living on or near the banks of the rivers, leaves nothing to be desired and is truly a relic of that fast disappearing type of old Southern hospitality. What they have is yours and it is considered an insult if one offers to reimburse them for sleeping and eating accommodations.

Many types of semi-tropical birds and animals were seen as well as many turtles and alligators. A most exciting incident was experienced when after portaging around the Portman Shoals Dam we put our canoe in the "tail-race" and shot down the "race." The speed was terrific for such a craft, but due to a most skillful canoeman, "Billy" Allan, in the stern, our boat came thru without shipping a drop of water. There are quite a few "fast and furious" rapids on the river above the fall line, and going over them is indeed sport of the most venturesome kind.

We had intended going on to Charleston by inland waterways, and cross St. Helen Sound, but unfortunately "Rusty" Rustin was called home from Savannah, due to sickness in his family. therefore, we abandoned the canoe at Savannah, had it shipped by rail to Charleston, and took the train ourselves. We arrived in Charleston with seven cents in our hip pocket and a big appetite just in front of the situation of the back pocket.

All in all, it was a most enjoyable trip, after our strenuous "rat" year of S. A. T. C., Zobel, sophomores, and studies, and we are proud of the fact that we piloted a craft, which, if one did not "trim" it to a "gnat's heel," or did not part one's hair in the middle, would capsize, approximately five hundred miles without a mishap. We believe we are the first Clemson men to make the trip from Fort Hill to the Georgia seaport, and that we possibly piloted the only canvass canoe that ever made the journey from the headwaters of the Savannah to its mouth.

TO THE PINES

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24

I love to listen to the soft, deep murmurs of the pines,
When their needles rustle in the cold December winds.

It fills my heart with longing, for once upon a time,
I was young and care-free as I played beneath the pines.

My heart was filled with gladness and never-forgotten joy,
As I played 'neath longleaf pines when I was a boy,
I was only a child, but I always had good times,
When I played beneath the murmuring longleaf pines.

My father once owned a still, far down among the pines.

It wasn't the kind of still we read about these times;
It didn't manufacture "white lightning" or "moon-shine";

The still my father owned made only turpentine.

But now the pines are lonesome and the men' have gone away;

For now the turpentine is made in a new and better way.

Those pines are standing there to remind us of the time

They were boxed for sap to manufacture turpentine.

Now though cold winter winds begin to howl and blow;

The pines still keep their foilage in spite of rain or snow;

Their white boxes are ghostly when seen in the dark at night,

But on a summer's afternoon their shade is a lovely sight.

So let me rest beneath the pines when I have run my race;

Bury me beneath them in some cool shady place;
There I want to listen to the countless sighs and moans,

Of longleaf pines a-bowing over my poor, weary bones.

APRIL

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24

The gray of dawn begins to fade
Over the western hills;
A golden sun comes out of the east,
And light the whole world fills.

Now all the living things on earth
Sing to greet the morn.
The air is filled with laughter,
For a better day is born.
The sun gleams firelike through the trees,
And sunbeams gently fall
On every things that lifts its head,
In this, the best month of all.

Crickets chirp beneath the grass;
And through the morning hours,
The wind blows softly as if to pass
The fragrance of the flowers.

All the country-folk are happy,
Are bright and full of cheer;
Now don't you think that April
Is the best month of the year?

A SMUTTY WEDDING

M. C. ELLISON, '24

Without a doubt Angelina Pansy Parker was the belle of Darktown. She had as many as a half dozen ducky suitors that she could lead like gentle lambs.

Pansy sat down in a risky old rocking chair after her day's work and began to talk to her mother, who was getting the table ready for the evening meal. "Maw, you know I'se done worked 'bout enough for these ole white folks. I done had several young colored genemum to ax me for to quit work and jes be their sweet wife, but I can't tell which one I love the bes!"

"Go on, gal; you don' pay no 'tention to them lazy black rascals; don' you believe 'em when dey tell you you don' have fo work. You libin yo easy life right now and you'se young, and yo better take my advice and be corted jes as long as you can," added Pansy's mother.

"But, Maw, you don' know who don asked me fo to be their wife at the big ball las' night does you?" questioned Pansy.

"Naw, I don' know who don' 'sposed to you; but let me tell you, my gal, it sho better not be that goodfer-nothin, chicken-stealing Israel Tucker," snapped Mrs. Parker with a rising temper.

"No use'n fo you to fly off the handle 'bout Isrel, 'cause I ain' specially in love with dat nigger myself. But I got a proposal fum James Theredore Washington, son of Deacon Washington, and I'se thinking seriously of 'scepting too. Yo don' have to be advising me a'bout who fo me to marry, 'cause when I get my head sot, it's sot," said Pansy, bustling off into the other room of the small house as if rather perturbed.

Mr. Washington, Jr., ambled down Sardine Street, puffing luxuriously on a "two-fer" cigar. He had not gone very far when he was accosted by Israel Tucker, the black snake of Darktown.

"Say, Jim, I wants fo to speak to you jest a minit 'bout a very 'portant matter," volunteered Mr. Tucker.

"Shoot, Israel, I'se listening wid both ears and me mouf," replied Mr. Washington in his usual happy frame of mind.

"It's jes dis away, Jim, I'se a plum fool 'bout Pansy and you be too; so all dat I can see is dat one ob us hes got to hunt a 'nother gal."

"Go on, Israel, yo ain't talking to me. But I'll treat you fair and squar, if you kin get her by outcortin me, I'll say you kin jes hav her," said Jim, thrusting his cigar between his teeth and moving on down the road.

The shrewd Israel decided that brains alone could win Pansy for his own; so he worked upon a plan that had been on his mind for a long time. He had planned to fix up a will as if it had been written by his grandfather. This will was to be made out so

that it would become of value upon Israel's marriage. Israel knew that no sensible colored woman would turn down a rich future with him for one of meagre means with Jim Washington. Israel had a couple of hundred dollars saved up and with this he planned to splurge for a few days after announcing his legacy. He planned to buy flowers and have a huge church wedding such as had never been known in that section. Thus we find Israel knocking anxiously at Pansy's door that evening to make his proposal and show the will.

"Lawd, honey, you sho do look sweet tonight," flatteringly spoke Israel as he stepped into the house.

"Shet yo mouf, Israel Tucker; yo am jes' foolin' me wid dem pretty words," said Pansy plainly pleased with herself.

"Pansy, honey, I ain' gwine fo to delay none. I'se a man ob few words. Whilst ago I wuz a comin' down the street a gazing at de moon a wondering what gal wuz meant for me, when sompin tell me sudden lak dat Pansy am a waiting fo me. I don know how hit feels fo to be in love if I don' know now, 'cause, Pansy, I done gone plum crazy 'bout you."

Just at this moment Israel reached in his pocket and drew fourth a sparkling ring.

"Here is a little present fo you: I jes bought it to the jewelry sto, this evening," said Israel as he slipped the ring on to Pansy's long ebony finger.

"Yo sho am good to me Israel, and I thinks yo is jes the nicest man what is," said Pansy, conforming nicely to Israel's plan.

"Pansy, you ain't seed my letter I fin in my pa's old trunk hev you?" asked Israel as he pulled a mysterious letter from his inside pocket and produced rather a documentary looking paper.

"Fo de law'd sake! Israel, whut you trying fo to show me?"

"Honey, dis am a letter fum my dead grandpa up North. He says dat he wills and bequeaths all his worldly possessions to Israel Tucker. Now jes whut do you think ob dat?" triumphantly spoke Israel.

"You don' mean to say yo am gona get some money out ob dat ole letter, Israel Tucker? You am trying fo to fool me."

"I wouldn't fool you fo nuttin, Pansy, honey. I don' ax a lawyer and he says dat all I got to do am write to a certain genemum up North what had charge ob mer grandpaw's 'state, and he will send me fifteen thousand dollars," smilingly said Israel.

"You don mean it? Why you'll be rich," said Pansy, excitedly.

"Honey, don't I know dat, an' I'se gona ax you to help me to live on all ob dis money. Won't you be mah wife and we'll have a elegant church wedding, honey-moon, and all ob dem things dat make a wedding fit fo a rich couple."

Pansy was easily fooled by the persuasive voice of Israel and the prospective part-ownership of the legacy.

"Yes, Israel, I'll be yo wife. I always has loved you—" but she could get no further for the ardent suitor had smothered her words with kisses.

That Israel Tucker had inherited fifteen thousand dollars and was going to marry the belle of the town spread like wild fire. The news knocked the spirits out of Jim Washington, but he soon decided that there was some trick to it and so he set out to find the trouble.

Jim first went to Pansy, but he could get no satisfaction from her as she seemed to be very much thrilled over becoming a rich lady. After a long spell of deep thinking which made his thick head ache, Jim decided to consult the law member of Darktown. This distinguished gentleman was Hon. Webster Whitton, a man very much respected by the ignorant colored people. Jim stated the case to the lawyer and was told to call again the following day for his decision. This greatly upset Jim, for he knew that the next day was the day set for the wedding, so he insisted that he be told all that the lawyer knew at once.

"Mr. Washington, after glancing over my files," spoke the great lawyer, "I am eminently superlified to find that just two days ago Mr. Israel Tucker gave me five dollars for a properly filed out will. This was a bogus will and I am not supposed to tell anyone about it, so, of course, you will give me five dollars for so graciously revealing the facts to you," grandiloquently spoke the pompous lawyer.

Jim's gaping jaws closed with a click as he slipped a five dollar bill into the lawyer's waiting hand and departed.

It took Jim only a few moments to rush down Sardine Street and into Pansy's home. "Whar am Pansy, Mrs. Parker?" anxiously asked Jim.

"Har I is, Jim," said Pansy, stepping into the room, "What fo you want with me grinning lak dat?"

"Pausy, I jes got a plan figgered out. Me and you is gona get married, 'cause I done fin' out dat you been fooled by dat yaller Israel Tucker."

"Shet up, Jim, you don' know nuffin."

The Debil I don't. I know what I sez, 'cause I jes come fum the lawyer's office, and he say dat Israel pay him five dollars fo dat will ob his'n," exultantly replied Jim.

"I tol you dat he wuz a triffling scamp," rejoined Mrs. Parker from the kitchen door.

Pansy broke down and leaned weakly upon Jim's willing shoulder. "Jim, don' you love me no mo?" wailed the heart-broken Pansy.

"I don't love nobody else. Law'd honey I'se done got it all planned out as how you and me is gona get hitched in the sweet smelling presence ob dem very flowers whut you and yo rich husband wuz gona

get married in. Ain't 'engeance sweet?" spoke the elated Jim.

Pansy dried the last tear away and flung her long arms around Jim, saying, "Won't Israel be mad? I am sho glad dat I wuz saved fum him by you, Jim. I'd rather be a po man's wife anyhow."

The wedding proved a great affair in the social life of Darktown, and the flowers that Israel Tucker unwillingly furnished were very appropriate. The bride almost swooned with happiness when the groom took her into his arms just after the wedding and looking down into her face said, "Honey, you'se got to let me kiss dem strawberry lips ob yo's once for ebery dollar dat Israel Tucker fooled you into believing he had."

HER SMALL HANDS

H. A. WOODLE, '23

"They were tiny hands, those little white hands so tender and soft. They were wonderful hands, those delicate hands so caressing and pleading. They were heavenly hands, those dear, dear hands so spotless and pure, for they led me and guided me in my battle with Fate."

The man was dreaming as he explored his innermost heart. His lips framed words as his soul found expression for hidden secrets. And while his mind slumbered on, while his conscious mind was away, the man's soul spoke aloud thru his lips:

"I knew I was asking for a priceless gift when I begged her to place her two small hands in mine; I knew I was unworthy of her heavenly trust when I offered my humble love. It was with trembling heart I awaited my answer from her lips. I believed she would scorn me, pass me by for others of higher degree, would turn from my simple love to the love of the great. But I offered her my all, my love, and my love was myself. I loved her as a man loves, impetuously, hotly, and passionately.

"I trusted her as I trust myself; I loved her as I love my life. Yet, I wondered in my material mind. My questioning thoughts would give me no peace. Would her beautiful face always frame my dreams, waking and sleeping? Would she be a loyal mate in the days to come? Would she love me as I loved her? And so I wondered.

"Then two small hands were placed in mine one day. My heart stood still; my life seemed to merge into the infinite. She had placed her life, her woman's wonderful love, in my hnman care. I trembled, but her kind hands comforted me, assured me, and lifted me. I dared to work and think and act, to worship and love and pray. Her wee white hands lifted my life—made me and blessed me.

"And now as I sit here alone, I see those dainty hands so small and so pure—they are offering a woman's heart and a woman's life to me. I pray that that are placed so unreservedly in mine."

A MISUNDERSTANDING

J. G. LEWIS, 2nd, '24

John Broughton was the only child of a very wealthy farmer who lived on a large plantation in a Southern state. His elementary training was received at a private school in the neighboring town. From the private school, he went to the State university where he took a course in scientific agriculture.

John's father was growing old, and for the past few years had just been holding on until the pride of his heart should be ready to take charge of the plantation and farm—following in the footsteps of four generations of his ancestors.

At one of the family councils not long before John was graduated from the university, it was decided that he should take a little vacation before going to work. The suggestion was made that John visit among his relatives, some of whom lived in large cities, and thus get a broader outlook on life. John knew nothing of these discussions, and he was therefore pleasantly surprised a few days before he was graduated when he received an invitation from one of his uncles to visit him in New York City.

John had always dreamed of a visit to some large city, as he had been in only a few cities within his own state. He was therefore, very happy when he boarded the fast express train, late one afternoon, bound for New York. He lay in his berth all that night, not sleeping, but thinking of what the next few weeks held for him and of how he would make the best use of them. He had hardly closed his eyes when daylight came the next morning with the fast express nearing her destination. A few minutes after the train had stopped at the station John was in an automobile with his uncle, speeding down Broadway towards his uncle's home.

John spent the first few days in traveling over the city. He visited many places that held wonders for him, and saw the many "sights" of the great metropolis. One day while he was riding through the city in his uncle's automobile, he decided to see something of the country that lay just out of New York. He rode out about forty miles and then turned around to go back. Riding leisurely along taking in the picturesque scenery on either side of the highway, he traveled only a few miles on his homeward journey when he saw several hundred yards in front of him, an overturned car in the road. As he approached the car, he saw the form of a human body lying on the ground beside it. When he had come within a few feet of the overturned automobile he stopped his machine and quickly surveyed the wreck. There lying on the ground was a beautiful and well-dressed young lady in a state of unconsciousness. He put her into his car and rushed to a doctor, whose examination disclosed the fact that she was not seriously injured. John paid the doctor

his fee and carried the young lady to her home. She thanked him for his kindness and asked that she be allowed to return the doctor's fee. He took a card from his case and gave it to her; then he left without knowing her name.

The next day John received a letter addressed in a neat handwriting. With an air of interest, he opened the letter and drew out the contents, which proved to be a couple of bills and a little note. The note made his heart leap. Her name was Florence Hill, and she wanted him to call that evening. Would he go? He did, not only that night, but many nights following.

A month passed and John was a changed young man. He loved Florence and wanted her very much, but he could not ask her to give up the pleasures of a beautiful city for the lonely solitude of a remote plantation. She had always lived in the city, and he must soon return to his Southern home. He felt that he should tell her the whole situation, but what was the use. He thought she would not understand. One night in a quiet little tea room he tried to approach the subject: "Florence, you don't understand me," he said as he grasped her hand.

"But I thought you cared for me. You told me you loved me." The girl's voice was low and did not appear to have any sadness in it.

"We can't talk in here," said John, "Let's take a ride." He paid the waitress and they made their way out of the crowded room. Neither spoke again until they entered the car and started down the street. Then Florence looking straight at her companion, broke the silence:

"John, you might at least be kind enough to tell me the lady's name."

"Oh Florence, dear, you know me better than that."

"I don't think I know you at all. I thought you said that you loved me."

"I do love you." He looked from her to the direction of his home. He seemed to be thinking of his father and mother, and wondering what they would think of him if he married a girl who had always lived amid the luxuries of a large city. She had never been on a farm and she knew nothing of living a life of isolation. He spoke in a low voice. "If I could only make you understand. I have lived on a farm all my life. I could never live here in such a crowded and noisy place. I have lived in the open country so long that I cannot give it up."

"Have I asked you to give it up?" she asked. He turned quickly. "No, but it would be just as hard for you to leave the city as it would be for me to leave the country. There would be days when you could see no one except me. You would have few places to go for amusement, and while your life would not be one of drudgery, for a time at least, you could not have the luxuries with which you are surrounded here."

"So you have chosen between me and your country life?"

"Dear," he said, "I shall be lonely all my life without you, but it is better that I be lonely than for both you and me to be discontented. You know, Florence, you have always been waited upon by a host of servants; your every wish has been law, and you have been indulged to an extent which I could not afford. I do not blame you. It isn't your fault, but I am afraid you could not be happy in the changed environment, and you know, Florence, I could not bear to see you unhappy."

"I see," she said very slowly. "Since you have decided without first talking to me, I will not argue with you." And as she spoke, she slipped the ring from her finger and gave it to him.

It was a very unhappy young man that stepped into his uncle's car the next morning. He drove directly north from the city, a direction in which he had never gone before. He rode on many miles, almost unconscious of how fast or how far he was going, until his car stopped suddenly. He got out and examined his engine, but found nothing wrong with it. He looked into his gasoline tank and found it empty. John wondered where he could get some gasoline. He began to look around for some means of escape from his dilemma. There was a trolley line following along the road. A few hundred yards up a hill was a farm house. He looked back, but could see no one coming toward him, so he started to walk to the house. When he reached the house no one was in sight, but he went to the front door and knocked. A young lady opened the door.

"Florence," he cried, "What are you doing here?"

"Hello, John, come in. I am spending the day here with my aunt."

John was so dumbfounded that he could not speak. He walked into the house where Florence introduced him to her Aunt Mary. Here Florence left him to talk to Aunt Mary and went into the kitchen. John told Aunt Mary about his farm, and was telling her about his wonderful visit with his uncle when Florence appeared at the door and asked them to come to dinner. John began to think about the gasoline for the first time since he came into the house and tried to make an excuse for being there, but Aunt Mary took him by the arm and led him to dinner.

"You certainly have a treat when you eat some of Florence's cooking. She is the best cook I have ever known. She runs off my cook and housekeeper every time she comes to see me because she is just crazy about cooking and housekeeping." John could say nothing as he went to the table. Florence was the same girl with whom he had quarreled the day before. And she could cook and keep house! He felt angry with himself and with her. Why hadn't she told him? Why hadn't he thought of asking her? There was nothing for him to do but

to win her back, and he made up his mind that he would stay there until he did win her. He ate dinner quietly, hardly knowing what he was doing. After they had finished eating, he offered to help with the dishes, but Florence sent him into the room to talk to Aunt Mary. They talked about an hour during which time John kept his eye on the door, looking and wishing for Florence to come. But she did not come and John felt miserable. When he could stand it no longer, he asked Aunt Mary why she didn't come. She informed him that Florence had gone to visit a sick family in the neighborhood. John thought of leaving but he was determined to talk with Florence before he left. He continued his conversation with Aunt Mary until night came on and Florence appeared at the door and announced supper. After supper, she again refused his help with the dishes, and again sent him into the room to talk to Aunt Mary. When Florence finished her work she asked to be excused to retire because she said she was very tired. John could only think of how dreadfully she was treating him. And my, how he was suffering! But he remembered that it was his fault. He retired that night with the determination that he would force a conversation with her the next morning.

Early the next morning John was up, and as Florence was in the kitchen cooking breakfast he stepped in.

"Good morning," she said with a look of surprise on her face.

"Florence, I just wanted to tell you that I am going home in a few days."

"You are?" she exclaimed with a smile.

"Yes, and I am going to take you along with me when I go."

"But what if I don't consent to go?" she asked.

"But listen, dear, I didn't know you had ever lived on a farm; I didn't know you liked to cook and keep house. You never told me. I never dreamed that you owned an apron like that. Of Florence, can't you forgive me? It was all a misunderstanding. I loved you in your silks, but, dear, I adore you in your calico."

"I guess I misunderstood you. I was trying to please you. I promise to forgive and to forget our quarrel."

"Florence," gasped as John drew her to his heart and kissed her, "We are to be married Sunday and have a few days honeymoon here, but our real honeymoon will be at home, down on the farm."

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There are very few original thinkers in the world, or ever have been; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers have adopted the opinions of some who went before them.

—Stewart

THE LONELY GRAVE

M. B. BRISSIE, '24

Far out on the plain alone,
Shaped there by human hands,
Is a little mound just six by three,
That marks the fate of a man.

From the red old hills of Georgia,
Came this youthful man so brave;
His life was filled with noble deeds,
From the cradle to the grave.

As a lad he worked the whole day long,
And at night during hours of rest
He read good cowboy stories,
And planned his tour to the West.

As the grew in years to man's estate,
And no longer was called a child;
He completed all his plans,
And awaited the call of the wild.

For many long years he laboured and toiled,
Listening for the beckoning sound.
And at last the call came straight to him,
And he dared not turn it down.

His work was quickly thrown aside;
With his parents he left all the rest.
His friends and loved ones he bade goodbye,
And boarded the train for the West.

From the red old hills of Georgia,
This valiant youth soon passed.
The thought had never crossed his mind,
That he was leaving for the last.

Across the miles of space,
The train majestically sped;
Far out into the western wild,
He finally lifted his head.

He learned to go the cowboy's gate,
And to play the game full square.
He never did an unkind deed,
Nor never learned to swear.

As the years went by he proved
A more faithful pal to them.
But alas! he was taken suddenly ill,
And his light was growing dim.

From o'er the surrounding hills,
The cowboys quickly drew
To find if there was anything,
That they perchance might do.

Far out on the prairie lone,
In the midst of the Western wild,
His comrades gathered around his couch,
To see his farewell smile.

And with the dawning of the day,
With scarcely a single sound,

There gathered a band of cowboys,
To shape the little mound.

These words they placed upon the grave,
Far off in that prairie land:
"Here lies one who played the part
Of a cowboy and a man."

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WHAT EVERY MAN MUST DECIDE

J. G. LEWIS, 2nd, '24

We don't like to be told to mind our business, yet that is precisely what we should be told.

Our business as students, of course, is to obey and carry out the orders as prescribed by the college regulations. As individuals we are permitted to follow certain inclinations of our own, in so far as they do not conflict with our duties as students.

Our duties are so arranged that we can spare a few hours, or at least an hour every day, to devote to whatever interest our fancy may dictate. And what our fancy dictates depends largely on what sort of students we are.

Some like to play baseball; others like to go to the movies, play pool, read, swim, or carry out whatever whim the time and place permit. Still others are intensely interested in some branch of work and are devoting their time to that course of study. As individuals we have no quarrel with what the other fellow does, so long as he does not interfere with our personal affairs. We are very much inclined to resent it, however, if he takes a notion to mind our business as well as his own.

Some fellows feel that they can afford to while away their time in such forms of amusement as they may choose, and still make good when they leave college. Many of them, no doubt, will make good. More power to them.

Other fellows are striving to make good in some course they have pursued in college. They believe that a few hours spent in study each day will bring financial success when they have become trained men. They have for example thousands of successful men who have preceded them as graduates of other colleges.

One thing is certain: Sooner or later each of us will have to stand the acid test of efficiency. Some day our employer is going to put into our envelope exactly what he thinks we are worth. The world may owe us a living, but we surely must hustle to get it. And what some fellows call "livings" run all the way from \$750 to \$100,000 a year, the difference between the two figures often being in what the man knows.

It is not the required duty of anyone to tell you what to do. It is your duty to decide for yourself. The profit or loss resulting from your decision can only concern one individual. And that individual is YOU.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE LIGHTWOOD FIRE.

BY E. D. PLOWDEN, '24

I'd love to roam to the place called home,
 Where those lovely pine trees grow;
 I'd give my soul for just one stroll
 In the land I used to know.
 My feet are stilled and my soul is filled,
 With a burning heart's desire;
 For the land I know from the long ago,
 And the light of the lightwood fire.

Where the cotton white gleams in the moonlight,
 And the corn and 'taters grow;
 Is the land I love from the skies above
 To the murmuring creeks below.
 All nature's green, and my boyhood scenes,
 I've learned to justly admire;
 And the place I know, from the long ago,
 Is by the light of the lightwood fire.

When my rambling is o'er and I've come to shore
 On life's deep, stormy sea;
 That I then may go to the place I know,
 Will be good enough for me.
 Then I'll be at home and no more to roam
 From the land of my heart's desire;
 There I'll live and die, beneath the sky,
 By the light of the lightwood fire.

A MEMORY

K. B. SANDERS

In eventide when weary eyed
 And dreary with my tasks,
 I slouch down in my chair
 And wander everywhere my memory asks.

In my tired weary state
 One clear thought stands out of late.
 'Tis of bed and sleep I know,
 For I see in long ago
 The fireside I used to know.

Nodding there in my little chair—
 The day gone—the night here.
 Cozy thus I had nothing to fear
 With my mother over there.

Soon she'll come and get me
 And put me in my bed,
 And wrap the covers warm about my feet,
 And tuck them close about my head.

I wish that dream'd be true—
 That I could be little again,
 And rest in mother's tenderness
 Forgetting the paths of men.

If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose
 are you a man at all.

—Selected

BETTER OR WORSE?

L. ARROWOOD, '23

"Day by day, in every way, we are growing better and better." Do you believe that statement, Mr. Reader? Do you believe that today we are morally better than were the people of five, ten or fifteen years ago? Do you believe that American ideals are higher today than in the days of our forefathers? or do you believe that America today can be likened unto Rome of the decadence? Regardless of which view is taken, the argument is tenable.

Not many weeks ago we read of a minister of a prominent sect who gave out the statement that parts of the Bible were without any foundation in fact whatsoever. A Jewish Rabbi corroborated these statements. The press with its usual flourish flung far and wide the beliefs of these two ministers. This happened in America. In Russia a few months ago effigies of the deities were burned. Religion was defied as an opiate for the human mind. Do you still say we grow better? Recently in Washington, it was found that whiskey was flowing free among our law-makers. Prohibition was laughed at. Bootleggers flourished in the American capital. We may rest assured that whenever the law is broken at the top it will not be long before it is broken at the bottom. The poor do not imitate the virtues of the rich, imitation of the vices seems to come more natural. When American politicians who are supposed to represent the highest ideals that are found in America allow themselves to act in an unseemly manner, then truly, we may say—Americanism has fallen into the path which can have but one end—decadence. Enough of the evil and blacker side of Americanism.

Flapperism is failing, or rather has already failed. If we take the view of a few men on the subject of skirts, who liken a woman's skirt to a barometer of national morals—if the skirts are short our morals are low, but when the skirt grows longer, then the morals mount higher—then, we can say that American morals today are much better than they were a year ago. The flapper has now taken a back seat, and hereafter will only be exhibited in museums. The women of today demand, and see that their demands are enforced. What better evidence can we ask for to prove that our morals are on a higher level?

A striking example to the fact that America is morally convalescing is found in the recent enactments of many state legislatures relative to health certificates before marriage. It is safe to prophesy that with such laws strictly enforced the divorce evil, which is a cancer upon American society, will be cut in half. Marriage and home life are sacred, and until they are held to be so, we can not hope to attain that degree of high morals which is ours by right of inheritance.

It is the concensus of opinion of all thinking men that the morals of a nation travel in waves— first high, then low. America has just passed thru the lower ebb of her morals; and that she may never witness such another decadence is the prayer which is ascending from millions of hearts today.

MY PLEA

E. D. PLOWDEN, '24

Backward turn, backward, Oh, cruel fleeting time!
The memories of my boyhood days still linger in my mind.

I would like to be a boy for all my life;
And not be forced to face this world of strife.

I would not have to work so hard, or plan my work,
or think

So much about my tasks, or of how that I could drink
Life's full enjoyment, and could it every blessing share,

Throughout the days and weeks and months of every
passing year.

I used to be a barefoot boy, in years now long since
past.

I've often wondered why these blissful days can't last.
Why you make our childhood days to flee from our lives;

Why you make old men from boys, or change sweet-
hearts to wives.

Your methods hurt us all, I say, and you should
change, or we

Will soon pass off the stage of life, and soon we'll
cease to be.

Why not make our childhood years to last our whole
lives through?

Then we would love, respect, obey, and always
honor you.

PROGRESS

E. G. PARKER, '24

Occasionally we hear someone deploring the evils and corruptions of the present era with many words of praise for "the good old days" when strikes and flappers were unknown. These persons would hark back to the time when they sat about the great cheery fireside of their country homes while their mothers labored far into the late hours of the night at the spinning wheel or carding battins. They speak at great length of the perfect peace and contentment which surrounded the home in those days. They deplore the present age as immoral, irreligious and absolutely unproductive of any lasting good. Theatres and all forms of amusements they brand as devices of the devil. These people would turn back the hands of time to the day when an educated person was a rarity, when newspapers were un-

know to any save a few in the large cities. They would prefer the primitive ox-cart to the modern motor car, the smoky, sputtering oil lamp to the brilliant electric lights of today. All this they will say with many beautiful phrases about "the good old days." Yet these same people are the first to jump for the telephone when their water or electricity is cut off, or when their morning newspaper fails to arrive before breakfast; and woe to the poor servant of the public whose misfortune it is to be on the other end of the wire. These "reformers," or "conservatives", would have the public believe that the sentimental words which they speak are sincere and heartfelt, and some of them may be honest in their belief. However, a moment's serious consideration should convince any sound-minded person that the golden era of civilization is just dawning. What did our forefathers possess which compared with the priceless heritage of a modern education? Were our ancestors more upright because they did not know of the evils which were at every hand? Or is our standard of morals lowered because we have the newspaper which gives us the news of the world regardless of whether it be good or evil? Is the atmosphere of our home less sacred because the wives and mothers of to-day may enjoy an evening's recreation instead of being forced to continue their labors far into the night in order to provide clothing for the family? Are the modern hospitals and great educational institutions tending to lessen the joy of living? Surely we are living in the greatest age of all. Never in the history of mankind did there exist such a wealth of golden opportunities. To condemn our institutions and our inventions is to flaunt one's ignorance and narrow-mindedness. Verily, these are "the good old days."

ALAS

R. H. SMITH, '25

She is the dream girl of my heart,
As fair as a goddess of old,
With a smile that ever imparts
The knowledge that she's true gold.

Her face is a wonderful work of art,
Beautiful beyond compare.
Just made to cause all human hearts
Stand still when she is near.

Eyes of the deepest, truest blue,
Like that in the sky above;
With a wonderful way of looking at you—
She was just made to love.

She doesn't belong to the set of girls
Who with paint and powder are made,
With hair done up in unnatural curls,
For beauty like that soon fades.

This dream girl of mine is a mascot for me,
And, when I'm in doubt or fear,
A smile and a word seems to be
Promisingly hovering near.

But, alas! the girl who lives in my heart,
Knows nothing of me and my dreams,
I should like to meet her counterpart,
But I never shall, it seems.

THE CALL OF A HOME

T. L. VAUGHAN, '24

As the clock struck four, the gang at the store
Were huddled around the stove;
Bob was telling a tale, while without, the gale
Was whistling a tune in the grove.
'Twas just one week 'till the annual fete,
The Christmas hunt, would begin,
And the thought of game, which is e'er the same,
Like wine, enlivened the men.

Then out of the storm there staggered the form
Of a man who was ghastly pale;
He flapped on a seat to enjoy the heat
And forget the terrible gale.
His eyes met the gaze of the men, in a craze,
And he knew what was in each head;
Then he began to speak, 'though his voice was weak,
And these are the words he said

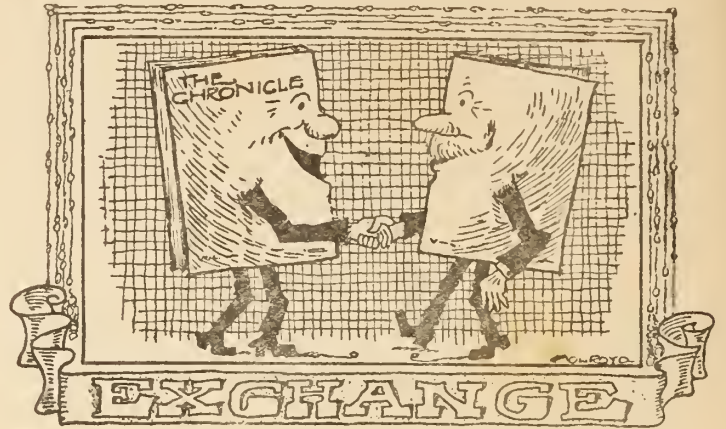
"I've tramped the land, like a Gypsy band,
For many a weary year;
I've slept in snow, and I suppose I know
'Most all there is to fear;
But after it all, there comes the call
Of a simple little home
That used to be so sweet to me
Before I started to roam.

"It seems to me that I can see
That same little hut today;
I remember the space before the big fireplace,
Where we children liked to play.
As the lights burned low, one could see the glow
Of Granny's old wrinkled face,
While she told us boys of the many toys
That were kept at Santa's place.

"Though my life has been chugged so full of sin
That I deserve to die in the cold,
Yet I have that desire to sit by a fire
As I did in the days of old.
So help me God, as I onward plod
Every mile of the weary way—
And You'll find me back in my Mammy's shack
On this coming Christmas day."

Rejected Suitor—Maebelle, you're stubborn, contrary and bull-headed!"

Maebelle—"Who d'ye think you are—Congress?"
—Judge



EDITORS:

EDITOR, C. T. YOUNG, '23. ASST. EDITOR, J. C. AULL, '24

In the February issue of *The Wake Forest Student*, we find a condition described by the editor, which—judging from the exchanges we received this month—seems to be more strikingly true of some other magazines than it is of *The Student*. This editor says: "A man who was editor of *The Student* ten years ago, recently informed the writer that he discarded an average of three articles presented for publication, and published one. The writer is compelled to confess that as yet he has been denied the privilege of discarding material; instead, his position is that of a beggar of material." A shortage of material is a fault which the editor alone cannot overcome, and which is detrimental to any college publication. College students must wake up to their duty of making contributions to the publication which represents them. However, the quality of the articles published in *The Wake Forest Student* is such as to compensate, in a large measure, for any lack of material with which the editors were forced to contend. *The Student* contains several excellent poems and essays. Its only short story, "The Lotophagus," is also very good.

After reading *The Wake Forest Student* we read *The Nautilus*, from Greenville High School. These high school students set an example that might well be followed by our college students. For this publication, material seems to be abundant. *The Nautilus* contains so many well written and interesting articles that we will not attempt to select and comment upon the best. The editors of the various departments appear to be real "live wires", and a large part of the success of *The Nautilus* is doubtless due to their efforts. This magazine is a credit to the pupils of Greenville High School.

The March issue of *The Winthrop Journal* is one of the best publications that we have received this month. The three essays, "Robert Louis Stevenson as a Writer of Romance", "Wardsworth, the Poet-Priest", and "Robert Burns and Alford de Musset as Love Poets", are very interesting and instructive.

"The Sensitive Plant" and "The Galloping Cavalier" are two well written short stories with good plots. In addition to these essays and short stories, **The Journal** contains an outstanding article in the play, "A Suit of Old Clothes." Poems, editorials, and the various departments make **The Journal** complete in everything that goes to form a good, well balanced publication.

The Chicora Magazine contains a number of good articles. The first article, "A Prayer," is a short but beautiful poem. "What is Our Duty to 'The Near East'?" is an essay on a live topic. It contains much good thought and is particularly well written. Perhaps the most outstanding article in **The Chicora Magazine** is the story entitled "The Kid." This story holds the interest of the reader from beginning to end. Other articles are "Personal Traits in Byron's Work," "The Travellers," and "To Mother."

In the January number of **The College of Charleston Magazine**, the exchange editor made the following statement in his criticism of **The Chronicle**: "Many of the other colleges are introducing essays and modern book reviews in their publications; why doesn't Clemson?" We feel that this criticism was just and that it should be beneficial. However, we wish to make the same criticism of this particular number of **The College of Charleston Magazine**. It contains only short stories and poems. This lack of variety, however, does not alter the quality of the articles that are contained in this publication. They are all good. "Yolondo is one of the best short stories that we have read in any college magazine. We also enjoyed reading the "Good for Thought" department.

The Newberry Stylus made a favorable impression before it was read—or even before it was opened. The combination of the plain scarlet letters with the grey binding presents the Newberry College colors in a very striking manner and makes an attractive cover for **The Stylus**. After reading the contents of **The Stylus**, we were even more favorably impressed. If there is anything lacking in this publication it is quantity of material. Variety and quality could hardly be improved upon. The new staff is certainly off to a good start.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: **The Carolinian**, **The Wofford College Journal**, **The Orion**, **The Pebble**, **The Furman cho**, **The Midget**, **The Technique**, **The Country Magazine**, **Our Monthly**, **The Connie Maxwell**, **The Seceder** and **The Agricultural Student**.

Plowing?

Helen—"You look as if you'd had a harrowing experience."

Gertrude—"Yes, Jack's been over trying to cultivate my affection."

—Boll Weevil



J. O. PEPPER, '23, Co-operating Editor.

"If anybody offers to give you something for nothing, do not hesitate. Call a policeman at once."

A man is also known by the contents of his scrap book.

If you would smile a little more
And I would kinder be;
If you would stop to think before
You speak of faults you see.
If I would show more patience, too,
With all with whom I'm hurled,
Then I would help—and so would you
To make a better world.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one.

(Chesterfield)

The learning that we have at the most, is but little as compared with that which we are ignorant.

—Plato

Laziness is a good deal like money,—the more a man has of it, the more he seems to want.

—Shaw.

Yise --

She looks at him with longing iiiii,
Her pouting lips he cccc.
He clasps her in his arms so yyyy
And presses her with eeee.

—Kiwanis Magazine

Mother uses cold cream,
Father uses lather,
My girl uses powder—
At least that's what I gather!

—Orange Owl.

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.

—Johnson

Keep your eyes and ears open if you desire to get on in the world.

—Jerro.

The most popular evergreen is the greenback.

To The Faculty

Some of you we all but adore;
Some of you seem quite a bore;
Some of you we would like to implore,
Not to give work evermore.

Some of you dress so neatly;
Some of you talk so sweetly;
Some of you act so discreetly;
That you fool us all completely.

We admire your tutelage,
And your books our time engage,
But do not think, even tho' you're aged,
That all of us have reached the stage
When we will live in a bookish hermitage.
—Selected.

Quoted From Recent Prosperity Speech.

"Has is ever occurred to you, Mr. Chairman, that the cotton cloth made in South Carolina annually would make a sheet big enough to cover the entire face of America and Europe and lap over on the toes of Asia? Or, if all the cattle she raises each year was one cow, she could browse on the tropical vegetation along the equator, while her tail switched icicles off the North Pole, and that her milk could float a shipload of her butter and cheese from Charleston to New York? Or, if all the mules we market each year were one mule, it would consume the entire corn crop of North Carolina at one meal, and kick the spots off the sun without swelling its sides or shaking its tail? Or, if the hogs we raise annually were one hog, that animal would dig the Panama Canal in three roots, without grunting, and its squeal would be loud enough to jar the cocoanuts off the trees along the Canal Zone."

"Take it for what it is worth."

—Selected

The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business.

—Burr

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to wait at the church door until his girl came out and say to her, "May I see you home?"

—Selected



J. L. WEEKS, '23, Editor.

At Home Anywhere

Mistress—(to cook)—"Maggie, where do you suppose you'll go, telling such falsehoods as that?"

Maggie—"Shure mu'm, and I don't care. I've got friends in both places."—Selected.

Girl (in tears)—Why come to the game drunk?
Brute—'S economical. See two games for one ticket.—Lampoon.

We'll Say So

With the advent of the automobile, manufacturers of front porches went out of business.

—Stone Mill

Nice Boy.

Voice (from dark parlor)—"My, but your nose is cold!"

Helpful Brother (to irate father who has suspicions)— "Gee, Pop. I bet Rover is in the parlor again."

—Burr.

Sambo (at an artillery camp)—"Captain, how far will that cannon there shoot?"

Captain—"Why, Sambo, that gun will shoot twenty-five miles."

Sambo—"My goodness, run all day long as fast as you can, and still get shot by the bullet at night!"

—Burr.

A woman in Michigan the other day married a man seven feet tall whose name was Little.

It seems that woman wants but little here below and wants that little long.

Boll Weevil

"How beautiful!"

And then
Find that
He's really
Looking at
The Sunset.

—Dirge.

"I'd walk a mile for a camel," said the Arab, lost on the desert.

Pitt Panther

He—"Would you accept a pet monkey?"

She—"Oh, I would have to ask father. This is so sudden."

—Pheonix.

Mary—"Don't you love these beautiful fall evenings?"

John—"I'm in training."

Women, Women.

The other night in my sedan
There was just her and me—her man.
I talked of rain, and shine, and old
Forgotten days, and pirates bold,
And ships and sealing wax, and gold.
Then all at once she said, "I'm cold."
So I, though cool, took off my coat,
And wrapped my muffler 'round her throat.
And then I talked of golfer's stance.
The styles in clothes, the latest dance,
And how the medium faked a trance.

And I grew cold, but gosh! her glance
Was colder yet. I ask of you,
Just what it was I failed to do?

Pheonix.

And He Did.

Prof.—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Frosh—"That's why we all flunked."

—Lyre.

Gather ye kisses while ye may,

Time brings only sorrow;

For the flappers who flap so freely today,
Are the chaperones of tomorrow.

—Pitt Panther.

Paw—"I see where it says that men will wear clothes to match their hair."

Son—"Gosh, dad, what will bald-headed men do?"

—Whirlwind

Ambiguity

Realy now
Girls
Isn't it
Awful
To be
Watching
A sunset
With him
And have
Him say

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



R. W. COARSEY, '23, Editor-in-Chief.

In the spring all nature takes on new life. The trees put on their garb of green leaves, the flowers bloom, the birds sing; in fact, the whole world seems to be alive. It has been said that "In the spring a young man's fancy turns lightly," etc.

However, with this rejuvenation there is a serious maladay always present at this time of the year—spring fever. It has a tendency to inspire one—not to be up and doing, but to bask in the sunshine or rest under the shade while the birds sing lullabies in the tree tops and the breezes play hide-and-seek among the leaves. Have you contracted a case of it? Don't laugh too soon, because it may get you yet. It takes a man to sit at a desk and study when so many things and conditions invite him to do otherwise. But let us not succumb to this desire which, though not fatal from a physical standpoint, certainly is fatal to ambition. Let us get in some real work between now and June.

Some one has said, "It takes years to train a race horse, but a race is won or lost in a very few minutes." This is true of horse races and it is also true of the race for efficiency which we are going to enter when we leave college. Many of us are going out into places where we shall be expected to take a leading part in local and even state-wide activities. How many of us are going to measure up to the standards which an exacting public sets up for us? And how many of us are going to fall in the "also ran" category?

We have six literary societies here whose membership is composed of less than one-third of the student

body. One of our contemporaries has said, "Literary societies do not hold the exalted positions in student activities that they once held." The sad part of this is that it is true. But this is not saying that there is no longer a need for public speakers. It is true perhaps that the day has past when public sentiment could be swayed and the destinies of nations determined by flowery words flowing from the silvery tongue of a soap-box orator, but the day has not yet come when the man who has the ability to command forceful and convincing statement to support his claims will be turned down for one who cannot make his thoughts audible and forceful in a group of over three or four people. These are the years of our training; the race is yet to be run. What is your time going to be?

Some of us will perhaps be called upon to write articles for our local newspapers, advertisements, and reports of the business in which we shall be engaged. How many of us can meet the requirements? The correct use of the English language is a prerequisite to success in any profession. More men fail at West Point on English Grammar than on any other one subject, and the men who go to West Point are usually above the average.

We have a magazine published by the students, but only a small proportion of them contribute to it. Writing constitutes one of the best methods of learning to use our language correctly, because in manuscript we can see our mistakes. Did you ever write a half page without making a grammatical error? If we could see the mistakes we make in our everyday conversation, we would get ashamed of ourselves and quit talking, but that cannot be. What we say is usually lost; what we do can be appraised. Give yourself a chance; write something for the "Tiger"; write something for the "Chronicle", or just write a line or two and look at it—even that will help.

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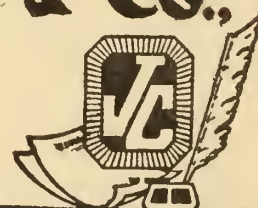
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DOCTOR'S BANDAGE CUTTER: The only knife that will cut cloth.

CIGAR CLIPPER, INK ERASER, CORN CUTTER AND KEY RING KNIFE.

Space on handle to imprint trade mark or advertisement.

We all know how many different kinds of knives have been on the market, which were simply made to sell, but none to do the work that a real knife should. The people have bought every one of them, and after using them they soon become dull and 90 percent of the knives carried today are dull are nothing but an inconvenience.

Now we have the "Razornife," a knife that is made of the best known steel, a blade that is really sharp. A knife that is refillable, an avenue for the discarded razor blades. Fifty million dollars' worth of blades are bought every year. What is done with them? Most of them are thrown away. Here is the most wonderful use that they can be put to. The "Razornife" is the answer. Patent was awarded on April 26th, 1921. It is a wonderful NEW article.

It is a universay knife, a knife that will hold any single edge razor blade. The old blade is easily removed and a new one inserted. No knife, no matter how expensive, will cut like the "Razornife." The razor blade is going to be used for a knife, and the "Razornife" is the proper place to hold it. We have many hundreds of testimonials. We hear from all over the world, and are selling these knives all over the world. The "Razornife" will soon be as popular on the key ring as the Yale key is now. It is flat as a key and does not take up any more room. It is the greatest advance along the knife line for a century. A renewable knife. You all know about the Refillable Fuse. the Eversharp Pencil. Everyone is using them now. Why? It is the fuse that burns out and the lead that wears off, not the holder; likewise it is the blade that gets dull and wears off, not the holder.

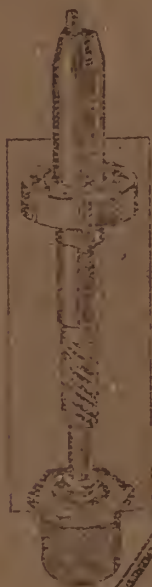
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Primrose Profits Appear 365 Days in the Year

The McCormick-Deering Primrose saves all of the cream. It skims clean, and the cream brings the highest market price—the globules of butter fat are smooth and unbroken, and the cream is in the best condition for butter making. Such a separator realizes the maximum return from the dairy herd. Because experienced farmers and dairymen insist upon receiving positive profits from their investment in dairy cattle, buildings, and equipment, they demand and use a clean-skimming cream separator—the McCormick-Deering Primrose.



The spindle in McCormick-Deering Primrose has a finely polished steel surface, and the steel balls roll in a hardened steel race. This makes a bearing which maintains greater accuracy of the spindle.

Users of cream separators appreciate the new supply can on the McCormick-Deering Primrose. It is made of one piece of steel—strong and seamless—easy to wash. You can fill it without splashing.



Ask for a Demonstration

We want every man interested in dairying to see this modern, efficient, ball-bearing separator. It combines the advantages of ample capacity with easy turning and close skimming. Drop in at the store of the McCormick-Deering dealer. Give the crank of this machine a spin, and listen to the smooth hum of the mechanism. The dealer will be glad to give a demonstration and trial on any man's farm. Ask him to do it.

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